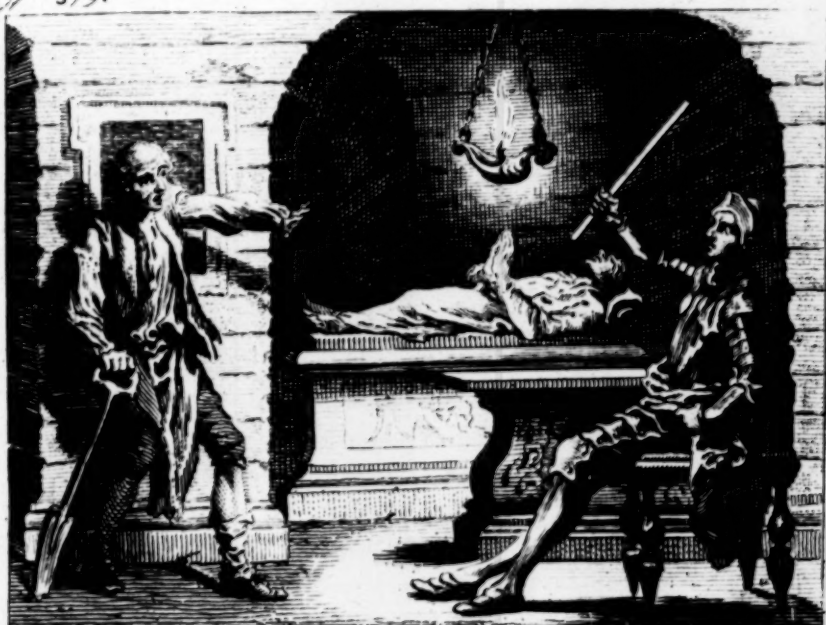


THE  
SPECTATOR.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

N<sup>o</sup> 379.



*J. Hayman inv.*

*J. F. Ravenor sculp.*

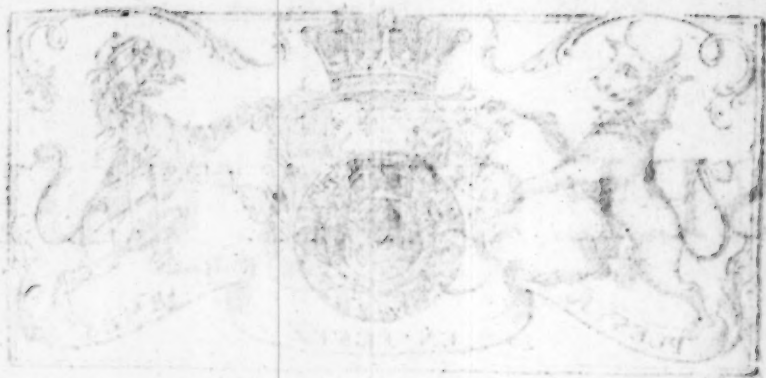
L O N D O N :

Printed for JACOB and RICHARD TONSON  
in the *Strand*.

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MDCCLVII.







To the Right Honourable

THOMAS, EARL *of* Wharton.

MY LORD,

**T**HE Author of the  
SPECTATOR having  
prefixed before each of his  
A 2 Volumes

## DEDICATION.

Volumes the Name of some Great Person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human

## DEDICATION.

human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are Master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of  
expres-

## DEDICATION.

expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution: It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's Character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is  
for



## DEDICATION.

for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those, who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I  
have

## DEDICATION.

have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's*

*most obliged*

*and most obedient*

*humble servant,*

*The SPECTATOR.*

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THE  
SPECTATOR.

VOL. V.

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N<sup>o</sup> 322 Monday, March 10, 1712.

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—*Ad humum marore gravi deducit & angit.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 1101

—Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul.

ROSCOMMON.

**I**T is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, it is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘SOME years ago it happened that I lived  
‘in the same house with a young Gentleman  
‘of merit; with whose good qualities I was so  
‘much taken, as to make it my endeavour to  
VOL. V. B ‘shew

‘ shew as many as I was able in myself. Familiar  
‘ converse improved general civilities into an  
‘ unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched  
‘ an opportunity to declare himself to me ; and  
‘ I, who could not expect a man of so great  
‘ an estate as his, received his addresses in such  
‘ terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was  
‘ displeased with them, though I did nothing  
‘ to make him think me more easy than was  
‘ decent. His father was a very hard worldly  
‘ man, and proud ; so that there was no reason  
‘ to believe he would easily be brought to think  
‘ there was any thing in any woman’s person or  
‘ character, that could balance the disadvantage  
‘ of an unequal fortune. In the mean time  
‘ the son continued his application to me, and  
‘ omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most  
‘ disinterested passion imaginable to me ; and in  
‘ plain direct terms offered to marry me privately,  
‘ and keep it so until he should be so happy as  
‘ to gain his father’s approbation, or become  
‘ possessed of his estate. I passionately loved  
‘ him, and you will believe I did not deny  
‘ such a one what was my interest also to grant.  
‘ However, I was not so young, as not to take  
‘ the precaution of carrying with me a faithful  
‘ servant, who had been also my mother’s maid,  
‘ to be present at the ceremony. When that  
‘ was over I demanded a certificate, signed by  
‘ the minister, my husband, and the servant I  
‘ just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we  
‘ conversed together very familiarly in the same  
‘ house ; but the restraints we were generally  
‘ under,

under, and the interviews we had, being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country Gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns, who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things without any sense of time and place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, won-



‘ dered I could be so shy and strange, as they  
‘ called it, to the Squire; and were bribed by  
‘ him to admit him whenever he thought fit.  
‘ I happened to be sitting in a little parlour  
‘ which belonged to my own part of the house,  
‘ and musing over one of the fondest of my  
‘ husband’s letters, in which I always kept the  
‘ certificate of my marriage, when this rude  
‘ fellow came in, and with the nauseous fami-  
‘ liarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the pa-  
‘ pers out of my hand. I was immediately  
‘ under so great a concern, that I threw my-  
‘ self at his feet, and begged of him to return  
‘ them. He, with the same odious pretence  
‘ to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read  
‘ them. I grew more importunate, he more  
‘ curious, until at last, with an indignation arising  
‘ from a passion I then first discovered in him,  
‘ he threw the papers into the fire, swearing  
‘ that since he was not to read them, the man  
‘ who writ them should never be so happy as to  
‘ have me read them over again. It is insigni-  
‘ ficant to tell you my tears and reproaches made  
‘ the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed  
‘ and out of countenance, when I had leisure  
‘ to ruminate on this accident with more than  
‘ ordinary sorrow: However, such was then  
‘ my confidence in my husband, that I writ to  
‘ him the misfortune, and desired another pa-  
‘ per of the same kind. He deferred writing  
‘ two or three posts, and at last answered me  
‘ in general, that he could not then send me  
‘ what I asked for, but when he could find a  
‘ proper

proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months cohabitation, has buried a young Lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself! let him remember how awkward I was in my disguised indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage; what then do you think is my piercing affliction!—I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

T

*Octavia.*

B 3

Tuesday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 323 Tuesday, March 11.

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—Modò vir, modò famina—

Virg.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

THE Journal, with which I presented my reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled, *The Journal of a Mobock*. By these instances I find that the intention of my last *Tuesday's* paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish

dish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety, and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ YOU having set your readers an exercise  
‘ in one of your last week’s papers, I have  
‘ performed mine according to your orders, and  
‘ herewith send it you inclosed. You must  
‘ know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden  
‘ Lady of a good fortune, who have had several  
‘ matches offered me for these ten years last  
‘ past, and have at present warm applications  
‘ made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I  
‘ am at my own disposal, I come up to town  
‘ every winter, and pass my time in it after the  
‘ manner you will find in the following Journal,  
‘ which I began to write upon the very day  
‘ after your SPECTATOR upon that subject.

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep until one in the morning for thinking of my Journal.

B 4

WEDNESDAY.



WEDNESDAY. From eight until ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of Bohea, read the SPECTATOR.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one until half an hour after two. Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Until four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. *Fontange*, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady *Blithe's* wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectic* rested after her monkey's leaping out at window.

Looked



Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. *Froth's* opinion of *Milton*. His account of the *Mobocks*. His fancy of a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at Crimp.

Twelve of the clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten of the clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbands. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at Crimp until midnight. Found Mrs. *Spiteley* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* necklace false stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young

young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the country. *Tom Townley* has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight of the clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six of the clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* until the beginning of the second act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front box. Mr. *Froth* and his friend clapped *Nicolini* in the third act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. Eight of the clock. Waked by miss *Kitty*. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem*. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. *Froth*'s name. &c.

‘ Upon looking back into this my Journal,  
 ‘ I find that I am at a loss to know whether  
 ‘ I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never  
 ‘ thought of considering how I did it before I  
 ‘ perused your Speculation upon that subject.  
 ‘ I scarce find a single action in these five days  
 ‘ that I can thoroughly approve of, except the  
 ‘ working upon the violet-leaf, which I am  
 ‘ resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure.  
 ‘ As for Mr. *Froth* and *Veny*, I did not think  
 ‘ they took up so much of my time and thoughts  
 ‘ as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter  
 ‘ of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it;  
 ‘ and if Mr. *Froth* does not bring matters to a  
 ‘ conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my  
 ‘ life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,

*Clarinda.*

To

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir *Philip Sidney's* sister, a Lady, who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
*Sidney's* sister, *Pembroke's* mother :  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,  
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

L



Wednesday,



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N<sup>o</sup> 324 Wednesday, March 12.

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*O curvæ in terris animæ, & cælestium inanes !*

Perf. Sat. 2. v. 61.

O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,  
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **T**HE materials you have collected together towards a general history of Clubs, make so bright a part of your Speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such assistances as may promote that useful work : For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of Being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity under the title of the *Mobock-Club*, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of *Canibals* in *India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is stiled Emperor of the *Mobocks* : and his arms are a *Turkish* Crescent, which his imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design

1

‘ of



‘ of their institution is mischief; and upon this  
‘ foundation all their rules and orders are framed.  
‘ An outrageous ambition of doing all possible  
‘ hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great  
‘ cement of their assembly, and the only quali-  
‘ fication required in the members. In order  
‘ to exert this principle in its full strength and  
‘ perfection, they take care to drink themselves  
‘ to a pitch, that is beyond the possibility of at-  
‘ tending to any motions of reason or humanity;  
‘ then make a general sally, and attack all that  
‘ are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through  
‘ which they patrol. Some are knocked down,  
‘ others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed.  
‘ To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify  
‘ some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned  
‘ a *Coup d’eclat*. The particular talents by which  
‘ these Misanthropes are distinguished from one  
‘ another, consist in the various kinds of barba-  
‘ rities which they execute upon their prisoners.  
‘ Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in  
‘ tipping the lion upon them; which is per-  
‘ formed by squeezing the nose flat to the face,  
‘ and boring out his eyes with their fingers:  
‘ Others are called the dancing-masters, and  
‘ teach their scholars to cut capers by run-  
‘ ning swords through their legs; a new inven-  
‘ tion, whether originally *French* I cannot tell:  
‘ A third sort are the tumblers, whose office it  
‘ is to set women on their heads and commit  
‘ certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on  
‘ the limbs which they expose. But these I  
‘ forbear to mention, because they cannot but  
‘ be

‘ be very shocking to the reader as well as the  
‘ SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry  
‘ on a war against mankind; and by the stand-  
‘ ing maxims of their policy, are to enter into  
‘ no alliances but one, and that is offensive and  
‘ defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of  
‘ which they have declared themselves protectors  
‘ and guarantees.

‘ I must own, Sir, these are only broken  
‘ incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society,  
‘ but they are the best I have been yet able  
‘ to procure; for being but of late establish-  
‘ ment, it is not ripe for a just history. And  
‘ to be serious, the chief design of this trouble  
‘ is to hinder it from ever being so. You  
‘ have been pleased, out of a concern for  
‘ the good of your countrymen, to act under  
‘ the character of SPECTATOR, not only  
‘ the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of  
‘ their actions; and whenever such enormities  
‘ as this infest the town, we immediately fly  
‘ to you for redress. I have reason to believe,  
‘ that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a  
‘ false notion of bravery, and an immoderate  
‘ fondness to be distinguished for fellows of  
‘ fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless  
‘ scandalous project: Such will probably stand  
‘ corrected by your reproofs, especially if you  
‘ inform them that it is not courage for half a  
‘ score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set  
‘ upon two or three soberer than themselves;  
‘ and that the manners of *Indian* savages are  
‘ no becoming accomplishments to an *English*  
‘ fine

‘ fine Gentleman. Such of them as have been  
 ‘ bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and  
 ‘ are grown veterans in this kind of service, are,  
 ‘ I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions  
 ‘ from your admonitions. But I beg you would  
 ‘ recommend to their perusal your ninth specu-  
 ‘ lation: They may there be taught to take  
 ‘ warning from the Club of duellists; and be  
 ‘ put in mind, that the common fate of those  
 ‘ men of honour was to be hanged.

I am,

March 10,

Sir,

17<sup>th</sup>

Your most humble servant,

*Philanthropos.*

The following Letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shewn in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his Mistress, and came to the hands of a Lady of good sense wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. *Margaret Clark*:

‘ **L** OVELY, and oh that I could write loving  
 ‘ Mrs. *Margaret Clark*, I pray you let affecti-  
 ‘ on excuse presumption. Having been so happy  
 ‘ as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance  
 ‘ and

‘ and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the Apothecary’s shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land, and a house; and there is never a yard of land in our field but it is as well worth ten pound a year, as a thief is worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: Besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes is made and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good——The rest is torn off; and posterity must be contented to know, that *Mrs. Margaret Clark* was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover. T





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N<sup>o</sup> 325 Thursday, March 13.

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—*Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?  
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas, avertere, perdes.  
Ista reperiussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,  
Nil habet ista sui: tecum venitque, manetque,  
Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.*

Ovid. Metam. l. 3. v. 432.

[From the Fable of NARCISSUS.]

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?  
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?  
Thy own warm blush within the water glows;  
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes:  
Its empty Being on thyself relies;  
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

ADDISON.

**W**ILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his Mistress. The young Lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of rallery, recommending a wife to him; when to the no small surprise of her who languished



guished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could shew her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surpris'd to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass, in which, after she had view'd her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she return'd the box with a smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his choice.

WILL fancying that his story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for that he had often observed in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talk'd of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers: Nay, says he, I remember Mr. *Dryden* in his *Ovid* tells us of a swinging fellow call'd *Polypheme*, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend WILL, to shew us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the *South-sea*, in which it is said, that the Ladies of *Chili* always dressed their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of WILL's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

S I R,

I Have read your last Saturday's observations on the forth book of *Milton* with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral, which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this Letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had not she been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from *Milton*, your readers will be able to judge

judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper.

Your humble servant,

R. T.

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
Under a shade, on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n: I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd  
Bending to look on me; I started back,  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love; there I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays

Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race. What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a plantan, yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd,  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, return fair *Eve*,  
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee Being, I lent,  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear:  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half! — With that thy gentle hand  
 Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother — X



Friday,



N<sup>o</sup> 326 Friday, March 14.

*Inclusam Danaën turris abenea,  
Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum  
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis  
Nocturnis ab adulteris;*

*Si non ———*

Hor. Od. 16. l. 3. v. 1.

A tower of brass, one wou'd have said,  
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,  
Might have preserv'd one innocent maiden-head;  
But *Venus* laugh'd, &c. COWLEY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR correspondent's Letter relating to Fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it, have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

I am a country Gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war, and am forced to keep as constant



stant watch in my seat, as a governor would do, that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers, who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner-matrons and an old maiden relation, whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a Mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in *Spain*; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the roadside of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But to cut short my story; what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for Member of Parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to promote a project I have set on foot; and upon which I have writ to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest Gentleman

‘ tleman of a public spirit, would move for leave  
‘ to bring in a Bill *For the better preserving of*  
‘ *the female game.*

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

*Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.*

‘ **H**ERE is a young man walks by our door  
‘ every day about the dusk of the evening.  
‘ He looks up at my window, as if to see me;  
‘ and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he  
‘ turns another way, and looks frightened at  
‘ finding what he was looking for. The air  
‘ is very cold; and pray let him know that  
‘ if he knocks at the door, he will be carried  
‘ to the parlour fire, and I will come down  
‘ soon after, and give him an opportunity to  
‘ break his mind.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

*Mary Comfitt.*

‘ If I observe he cannot speak, I’ll give him  
‘ time to recover himself, and ask him how  
‘ he does.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of Longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expences she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with child of *Tom*, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time: This, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed,  
or

‘ or she should mark the child with some of  
‘ the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and  
‘ her longing saved that bout. When she went  
‘ with *Molly*, she had fixed her mind upon a  
‘ new set of plate, and as much china as  
‘ would have furnished an *India* shop: These  
‘ also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being  
‘ father to an *Indian Pagod*. Hitherto I found  
‘ her demands rose upon every concession; and  
‘ had she gone on, I had been ruined: But  
‘ by good fortune, with her third, which was  
‘ *Peggy*, the height of her imagination came  
‘ down to the corner of a venison pasty, and  
‘ brought her once even upon her knees to  
‘ gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit.  
‘ The gratifications of her palate were easily  
‘ preferred to those of her vanity; and sometimes a partridge or a quail, a wheat-ear, or  
‘ the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased;  
‘ nay, I could be contented, though I were  
‘ to feed her with green pease in *April*, or  
‘ cherries in *May*. But with the babe she now  
‘ goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to  
‘ eating of chalk, pretending it will make the  
‘ child’s skin white; and nothing will serve  
‘ her but I must bear her company, to prevent  
‘ its having a shade of my brown: In  
‘ this however I have ventured to deny her.  
‘ No longer ago than yesterday, as we were  
‘ coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows  
‘ so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-  
‘ flesh, that she had an invincible desire to par-  
‘ take



' take with them, and (to my infinite surprise)  
 ' begged the coachman to cut her off a slice as  
 ' if it were for himself, which the fellow did;  
 ' and as soon as she came home she fell to it  
 ' with such an appetite, that she seemed rather  
 ' to devour than eat it. What her next folly  
 ' will be, I cannot guess: But in the mean  
 ' time my request to you is, that if there  
 ' be any way to come at these wild unac-  
 ' countable roving of imagination by reason  
 ' and argument, you would speedily afford us  
 ' your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of  
 ' pin-money, and I think in every settlement  
 ' there ought to be a clause inserted, that the  
 ' father should be answerable for the longings  
 ' of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect  
 ' your thoughts in this matter; and am,

Sir,

Your most obliged, and  
 most faithful humble servant,

T. B.

' Let me know whether you think the next  
 ' child will love horses as much as *Molly* does  
 ' china-ware.

T

Saturday,



N<sup>o</sup> 327 Saturday, March 15.—*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*Virg. *Æn.* 7. v. 44.

A larger scene of action is display'd.

DRYDEN.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil Spirit practis'd upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture, in which he regards her, is described with a tenderness not to be express'd, as the whisper, with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was conveyed to a Lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find unawaken'd *Eve*  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
 Leaning, half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice

Mild,

Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight!  
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye  
 On *Adam*, whom embracing thus she spake:

O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd—

I cannot but take notice, that *Milton*, in the conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his eye very frequently upon the Book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble spirit of Eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the age of *Solomon*. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages, which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

‘ My beloved spake, and said unto me, rise  
 ‘ up, my love, my fair one, and come away;  
 ‘ for lo the winter is past, the rain is over and  
 ‘ gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the  
 ‘ time of the singing of birds is come, and the  
 ‘ voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The  
 ‘ fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the  
 ‘ vines

' vines with the tender grape give a good smell.  
' Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

' Come, my beloved, let us go forth into  
' the field, let us get up early to the vineyards,  
' let us see if the vine flourish, whether the  
' tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates  
' bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of *Eden* to that

— Where the *Sapient* King

Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* spouse,

shews that the Poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

*Eve's* dream is full of those ' high conceits  
' engendering pride,' which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by *Adam* in the following beautiful lines.

Why sleep'st thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things: In vain,  
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!

An

An injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: But flattery and falshood are not the courtship of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her state of Innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the Poem is finely prefaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;  
 Two other precious drops, that ready stood  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate Creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker.



Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm, which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature, is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry, which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this Poem, I proceed to the description which the Poet gives of *Raphael*. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of itself upon the approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

———'Till at the Gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide,  
On golden hinges turning, as, by work  
Divine, the sovereign Architect had fram'd.

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the eighteenth *Iliad*, as that in particular,

ticular, where, speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on golden wheels ; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the Gods, and, when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this point, as *M. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of *Homer*, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in Heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but *Milton* had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following book he describes the chariot of the *Messiah* with living wheels, according to the plan in *Ezekiel's* vision.

—Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
The chariot of paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit——

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing, that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they

they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's Wheels*.

*Raphael's* descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the *French, Italian, and English* Poets have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of Angels: But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the Poet concludes his description with a circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy.

——— Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
The circuit wide———

*Raphael's* reception by the guardian Angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to *Adam*; have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular description of *Eve* in her domestic employments.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order so contriv'd, as not to mix  
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;  
Bestirs her then, &c.———

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifry of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divne work.

The natural majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn hail which the Angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of *Eve* ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

*Raphael's* behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with *Adam*, and eating of the fruits of *Paradise*. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of Angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur *Bossu's* method in my first Paper on *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the beginning of *Raphael's* speech in this book, as he supposes  
the



the Action of the *Æneid* to begin in the second book of that Poem. I could alledge many reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as an Episode, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, or proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, or proceeding from the first revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The occasion which *Milton* assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The revolt in Heaven is described with great force of imagination and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the north,  
They came, and *Satan* took his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,  
The palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call

That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted)——

*Homer* mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the Gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite host of Angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the Seraph breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those, who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel*, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd ;  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought ;  
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

L  
Monday,

N<sup>o</sup> 328 Monday, March 17.

*Nullum me à labore reclinat otium.*

Hor. Epod. 17. v. 24.

No ease doth lay me down from pain. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ AS I believe this is the first complaint  
 ‘ that ever was made to you of this na-  
 ‘ ture, so you are the first person I ever could  
 ‘ prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I  
 ‘ tell you I have a healthy vigorous constitution,  
 ‘ a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and  
 ‘ am married to a virtuous lovely woman, who  
 ‘ neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by  
 ‘ whom I have a numerous offspring to perpe-  
 ‘ tuate my family, you will naturally conclude  
 ‘ me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these  
 ‘ promising appearances, I am so far from it,  
 ‘ that the prospect of being ruined and undone,  
 ‘ by a sort of extravagance which of late years  
 ‘ is in a less degree crept into every fashionable  
 ‘ family, deprives me of all the comforts of my  
 ‘ life, and renders me the most anxious miserable  
 ‘ man on earth. My wife, who was the only  
 ‘ child and darling care of an indulgent mo-  
 ‘ ther, employed her early years in learning all  
 ‘ those accomplishments we generally understand  
 ‘ by good-breeding and polite education. She  
 D 4 sings

‘ sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord,  
‘ paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the *French*  
‘ tongue, and has made a considerable progress  
‘ in *Italian*. She is besides excellently skilled in  
‘ all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling,  
‘ pastry, making wines of fruits of our own  
‘ growth, embroidering, and needleworks of  
‘ every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think  
‘ there is very little cause of complaint; but  
‘ suspend your opinion until I have further ex-  
‘ plained myself, and then I make no question  
‘ you will come over to mine. You are not to  
‘ imagine I find fault that she either possesses or  
‘ takes delight in the exercise of those qualifica-  
‘ tions I just now mentioned; it is the immo-  
‘ derate fondness she has to them that I lament,  
‘ and that what is only designed for the innocent  
‘ amusement and recreation of life, is become  
‘ the whole business and study of hers. The  
‘ six months we are in town (for the year is  
‘ equally divided between that and the country)  
‘ from almost break of day until noon, the  
‘ whole morning is laid out in practising with  
‘ her several masters; and to make up the losses  
‘ occasioned by her absence in summer, every  
‘ day in the week their attendance is required;  
‘ and as they are all people eminent in their  
‘ professions, their skill and time must be recom-  
‘ pensed accordingly: So how far these articles  
‘ extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one  
‘ would think, is no expensive diversion; but as  
‘ she manages the matter, it is a very consider-  
‘ able addition to her disbursements; which you  
‘ will



‘ will easily believe, when you know she paints  
‘ fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws  
‘ all her relations pictures in miniature; the first  
‘ must be mounted by no body but *Colmar*, and  
‘ the other set by no body but *Charles Mather*.  
‘ What follows, is still much worse than the  
‘ former; for, as I told you she is a great artist  
‘ at her needle, it is incredible what sums she  
‘ expends in embroidery: For, besides what is  
‘ appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas,  
‘ petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses,  
‘ pin-cushions, and working-aprons, she keeps  
‘ four *French* Protestants continually employed  
‘ in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture,  
‘ as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds,  
‘ window-curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets:  
‘ Nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her  
‘ from this extravagance, while she obstinately  
‘ persists in thinking it a notable piece of good  
‘ housewifery, because they are made at home,  
‘ and she has had some share in the performance.  
‘ There would be no end of relating to you the  
‘ particulars of the annual charge, in furnishing  
‘ her store-room with a profusion of pickles and  
‘ preserves; for she is not contented with having  
‘ every thing, unless it be done every way, in  
‘ which she consults an hereditary book of re-  
‘ ceipts; for her female ancestors have been al-  
‘ ways famed for good housewifery, one of whom  
‘ is made immortal, by giving her name to  
‘ an eye-water and two sorts of puddings. I  
‘ cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal  
‘ preparations, as salves, cere-cloths, powders,  
‘ confects,

‘ confects, cordials, ratafia, perfico, orange-  
‘ flower, and cherry-brandy, together with in-  
‘ numerable sorts of simple-waters. But there  
‘ is nothing I lay so much to heart, as that de-  
‘ testable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which  
‘ derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or  
‘ trees of whose juices they are chiefly com-  
‘ pounded: They are loathsom to the taste, and  
‘ pernicious to the health; and as they seldom  
‘ survive the year, and then are thrown away,  
‘ under a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm  
‘ they stand me in more than if I entertained all  
‘ our visitors with the best burgundy and cham-  
‘ pagne. Coffee, chocolate, green, imperial,  
‘ peco, and bohea tea seem to be trifles; but  
‘ when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table  
‘ are added, they swell the account higher than  
‘ one would imagine. I cannot conclude with-  
‘ out doing her justice in one article; where  
‘ her frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny  
‘ her the merit of it, and that is in relation to  
‘ her children, who are all confined, both boys  
‘ and girls, to one large room in the remotest  
‘ part of the house, with bolts on the doors and  
‘ bars to the windows, under the care and tuition  
‘ of an old woman, who had been dry Nurse to  
‘ her Grandmother. This is their residence all  
‘ the year round; and as they are never allowed  
‘ to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to  
‘ be at any expence in apparel or learning.  
‘ Her eldest daughter to this day would have  
‘ neither read nor writ, if it had not been for  
‘ the Butler, who being the son of a country  
‘ Attorney,

‘ Attorney, has taught her such a hand, as is  
‘ generally used for engrossing Bills in *Chancery*.  
‘ By this time I have sufficiently tired your  
‘ patience with my domestic grievances; which  
‘ I hope you will agree could not well be con-  
‘ tained in a narrower compass, when you con-  
‘ sider what a paradox I undertook to maintain  
‘ in the beginning of my Epistle, and which  
‘ manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a  
‘ truth. And now I heartily wish the relation  
‘ I have given of my misfortunes may be of use  
‘ and benefit to the Public. By the example I  
‘ have set before them, the truly virtuous wives  
‘ may learn to avoid those errors which have so  
‘ unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly  
‘ these three. First, in mistaking the proper ob-  
‘ jects of her esteem, and fixing her affections  
‘ upon such things as are only the trappings and  
‘ decorations of her Sex. Secondly, in not dis-  
‘ tinguishing what becomes the different stages of  
‘ life. And, lastly, the abuse and corruption of  
‘ some excellent qualities, which, if circum-  
‘ scribed within just bounds, would have been  
‘ the blessing and prosperity of her family, but,  
‘ by a vicious extreme, are like to be the bane  
‘ and destruction of it. T

Tuesday,

---

N<sup>o</sup> 329 Tuesday, March 18.

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*Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, & Ancus.*

Hor. Epist. 6. l. i. v. 27.

With *Ancus*, and with *Numa*, Kings of *Rome*,  
We must descend into the silent tomb.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon *Westminster-Abbey*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the Tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, until I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the *Abbey*.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow *Trueby's* water, which he told me he always drank



drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at *Dantzick*: When of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's* water, telling me that the widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the country: That she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of People; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her: and truly, says  
Sir

Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey; until we were set down at the west-end of the *Abbey*.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, A brave man I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his hand that way, and cried, Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*! a very gallant man! As we stood before *Busby's Tomb*, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!

We

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right-hand. Sir ROGER, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman *Cecil* upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us, that she was a maid of honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation-chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old *Gotbick* King, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good-humour and whispered in my ear, that if

WILL

WILL WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or the other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next place, laid his hand upon *Edward* the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that, in *Sir Richard Baker's* opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sat upon the *English* throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb, upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our *English* Kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since: Some whig, I will warrant you, says Sir ROGER; you ought to lock up your Kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.

The glorious names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to *Sir Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some surprize, had a great many Kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the *Abbey*.

For



For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L

N<sup>o</sup> 330 Wednesday, March 19.

*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia* —

Juv. Sat. 14. v. 47.

To youth the tenderest regard is due.

THE following Letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

VOL. V.

E

SIR,

SIR,

I Have long expected, that in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty, when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

I am the son of a Merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200*l.* a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it.

The

' The natural consequence of this was, (though  
 ' I wanted no director, and soon had fellows  
 ' who found me out for a smart young Gentle-  
 ' man, and led me into all the debaucheries of  
 ' which I was capable) that my companions and  
 ' I could not well be supplied without running  
 ' in debt, which I did very frankly, until I  
 ' was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard  
 ' strong enough for the most desperate assassin,  
 ' to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days sur-  
 ' rounded with very merry but not very agreeable  
 ' company. As soon as I had extricated my-  
 ' self from that shameful confinement, I reflected  
 ' upon it with so much horror, that I deserted  
 ' all my old acquaintance, and took chambers  
 ' in an Inn of Court, with a resolution to study  
 ' the law with all possible application. But I  
 ' trifled away a whole year in looking over a  
 ' thousand intricacies, without friend to apply  
 ' to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived  
 ' there among men, as little children are sent  
 ' to school before they are capable of improve-  
 ' ment, only to be out of harm's way. In the  
 ' midst of this state of suspense, not knowing  
 ' how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by  
 ' a relation of mine, who, upon observing a  
 ' good inclination in me, used me with great  
 ' familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the  
 ' country. When I came there, he introduced  
 ' me to all the good company in the country;  
 ' and the great obligation I have to him for  
 ' this kind notice, and residence with him ever  
 ' since, has made so strong an impression upon

‘ me, that he has an authority of a father over  
‘ me, founded upon the love of a brother. I  
‘ have a good study of books, a good stable  
‘ of horses always at my command; and though  
‘ I am not now quite eighteen years of age,  
‘ familiar converse on his part, and a strong  
‘ inclination to exert myself on mine, have had  
‘ an effect upon me that makes me acceptable  
‘ wherever I go. Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR,  
‘ by this Gentleman’s favour and patronage, it  
‘ is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer  
‘ every day I live. I speak this as well by sub-  
‘ scribing the initial letters of my name to thank  
‘ him, as to incite others to an imitation of his  
‘ virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew  
‘ what great charities are to be done without  
‘ expence, and how many noble actions are lost,  
‘ out of inadvertency in persons capable of per-  
‘ forming them, if they were put in mind of  
‘ it. If a Gentleman of figure in a country  
‘ would make his family a pattern of sobriety,  
‘ good sense, and breeding, and would kindly  
‘ endeavour to influence the education, and grow-  
‘ ing prospects of the younger gentry about him,  
‘ I am apt to believe it would save him a great  
‘ deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and  
‘ render him the leader of his country from their  
‘ gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to  
‘ their riots and tumults in order to be made  
‘ their representative. The same thing might  
‘ be recommended to all who have made any  
‘ progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived  
‘ at any degree in a profession; others may  
‘ gain



‘ gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this Gentleman’s favour to,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Am a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the *Latin* school four years. I do not know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my Master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she often hears me talk *Latin* in my sleep. And I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy’s in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a Prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the

charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money and lay it out for a book, now and then, that he does not know of. He has ordered my Master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for *Horace* the other day, and he told me in a passion he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my Master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my Master gives orders for. All the boys in the school, but I, have the Classic authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My Master wonders what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing my father's temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children, when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do any thing for their children,

if

‘ if they would but mind their learning : I would  
 ‘ be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon  
 ‘ my boldness. If you will but consider and  
 ‘ pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity  
 ‘ as long as I live.

Your humble servant,

London, March

2, 1711.

James Discipulus.

T

N<sup>o</sup> 331 Thursday, March 20.

— *Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*

Perf. Sat. 2. l. 28.

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir  
 ROGER in *Westminster-Abbey*, I ob-  
 served that he stood longer than ordinary before  
 the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a  
 loss to guess the reason of it, when after some  
 time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if  
 I did not think that our forefathers looked  
 much wiser in their Beards than we do without  
 them. For my part, says he, when I am  
 walking in my gallery in the country, and see  
 my ancestors, who many of them died before  
 they were of my age, I cannot forbear regard-  
 ing them as so many old patriarchs, and at the  
 same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-

E 4

faced

faced young fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry with Beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend Beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of Whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The Beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir ROGER, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in Beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his Beard.

*Ælian*, in his account of *Zoilus*, the pretended critic, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long Beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close-shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which if they had been suffered to grow might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his Beard.

I have



I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refused to accept an edition of a Saint's works, which were presented to him, because the Saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a Beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to Beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their Beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don *Quevedo*, in his third vision on the last Judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his Mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the Beard flourished in the *Saxon* heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the *Norman* line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in *Queen Mary's* days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal *Poole*,  
and

and Bishop *Gardiner* ; though at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the Beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few Beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King *James* the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence ; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an account of which *Butler* has transmitted to posterity in the following lines :

His tawny Beard was th' equal grace  
Both 'of his wisdom, and his face ;  
In cut and dye so like a tyle,  
A sudden view it would beguile :  
The upper part thereof was whey,  
The nether orange mixt with grey.

The Whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of Beards ; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the *Mustachoe*.

If my friend Sir ROGER's prospect of introducing Beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the Beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate

moderate lengths. A fair Beard, of the tapistry-size, Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden Beard of *Æsculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their riding-Beards on the same occasion.

I may give the moral of this discourse in another Paper. X

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N<sup>o</sup> 332 Friday, March 21.

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— *Minus aptus acutis*  
*Naribus horum hominum* —

Hor. Sat. 3. l. i. v. 29.

He cannot bear the rally of the age.

CREECH.

Dear Short Face,

‘ I N your Speculation of *Wednesday* last you  
 ‘ have given us some account of that worthy  
 ‘ Society of Brutes the *Mobocs*; wherein you  
 ‘ have particularly specified the ingenious per-  
 ‘ formances

formances of the Lion-tippers, the Dancing-masters, and the Tumblers: But as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole Club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the Sweaters which may be reckoned a sort of Dancing-masters too. It is it seems the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed Savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a Sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle, towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein school-boys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every Gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the Emperor himself, not without the applause and  
accla-



acclamations both of his Imperial Majesty, and the whole Ring; though I dare say, neither I nor any of his acquaintance ever dreamed he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

I can assure you, Mr. SPEC, I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking Bagnio, if I may so call it, myself: For going the other night along *Fleetstreet*, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, a Sweat! a Sweat! Whereupon suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the Bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsom and orderly retreat, having

' having suffered no other damage in this action  
 ' than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation  
 ' of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just  
 ' now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These  
 ' Sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend,  
 ' and by as near a view as I was able to take  
 ' of them myself, seem to me to have at present  
 ' but a rude kind of discipline amongst them.  
 ' It is probable, if you would take a little pains  
 ' with them, they might be brought into better  
 ' order. But I will leave this to your own dis-  
 ' cretion; and will only add, that if you think  
 ' it worth while to insert this by way of caution  
 ' to those, who have a mind to preserve their  
 ' skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell  
 ' them at the same time the hazard of treating  
 ' with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige  
 ' others, as well as

Your very humble servant,

*Jack Lightfoot.*

' P. S. My friend will have me acquaint you,  
 ' that though he would not willingly detract  
 ' from the merit of that extraordinary strokes-  
 ' man Mr. *Sprightly*, yet it is his real opinion,  
 ' that some of those fellows, who are employed  
 ' as rubbers to this new-fashioned Bagnio, have  
 ' struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his  
 ' life.

' I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner,  
 ' if I had not had the misfortune of being in a  
 ' great doubt about the orthography of the word  
 ' Bagnio.

‘ Bagnio. I consulted several Dictionaries, but  
 ‘ found no relief; at last having recourse both  
 ‘ to the Bagnio in *Newgate-street*, and to that in  
 ‘ *Chancery-lane*, and finding the original manu-  
 ‘ scripts upon the sign-posts of each to agree  
 ‘ literally with my own spelling, I returned home,  
 ‘ full of satisfaction, in order to dispatch this  
 ‘ Epistle.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ AS you have taken most of the circumstances  
 ‘ of human life into your consideration,  
 ‘ we the under-written thought it not improper  
 ‘ for us also to represent to you our condition.  
 ‘ We are three Ladies who live in the country,  
 ‘ and the greatest improvements we make is by  
 ‘ reading. We have taken a small journal of  
 ‘ our lives, and find it extremely opposite to  
 ‘ your last *Tuesday’s* Speculation. We rise by  
 ‘ seven, and pass the beginning of each day in  
 ‘ devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall  
 ‘ within the occurrences of a retired life; in the  
 ‘ afternoon we sometimes enjoy the company of  
 ‘ some friend or neighbour, or else work or read;  
 ‘ at night we retire to our chambers, and take  
 ‘ leave of each other for the whole night at ten  
 ‘ of the clock. We take particular care never  
 ‘ to be sick of a *Sunday*. MR. SPECTATOR, we  
 ‘ are all very good maids, but are ambitious of  
 ‘ characters which we think more laudable, that  
 ‘ of being very good wives. If any of your cor-  
 ‘ respondents inquire for a spouse for an honest  
 ‘ country Gentleman, whose estate is not dipped,  
 ‘ and

‘ and wants a wife that can save half his revenue,  
 ‘ and yet make a better figure than any of his  
 ‘ neighbours of the same estate, with finer bred  
 ‘ women, you shall have further notice from,

Sir,

Your courteous readers,

*Martha Busy.*

*Deborah Thrifty.*

*Alice Early.*

T

N<sup>o</sup> 333 Saturday, March 22.

———*vocat in certamina Divos.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6. v. 172.

He calls embattled Deities to arms.

WE are now entering upon the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the battle of Angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions *Satan* in the beginning of his Poem:

———Him



—Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewise several noble hints of it in  
the infernal conference.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers,  
That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to war,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n; and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low.  
But see the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of Heav'n: The sulph'rous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
The fiery furge, that from the precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

There are several other very sublime images  
on the same subject in the first book, as also in  
the second.

What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds——

In short, the Poet never mentions any thing  
of this battle but in such images of greatness

and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that passage, where the Power, who is described as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the third book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
With falt'ring speech, and visage incompas'd,  
Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.  
I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
Pursuing——

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surpris'd to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* fight of Angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more  
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terrible,

terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good Angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; until in the last place, the Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of Angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our Author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the Rebel-Angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the thoughts of that Being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former.

We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the Giants war, which we meet with among the ancient Poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the Poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the Giants war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in *Hesiod's* works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment *Milton*, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. *Homer* in that passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copied after him, tells us, that the Giants threw *Offa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Offa*. He adds an Epithet to *Pelion* (εἰνοσίφυλλον) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a great beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of *Milton's* war could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his fragment upon the Giants war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the Giants tore up whole islands by the roots,  
and



and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all *Vulcan's* shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back, as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas favour more of burlesque, than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image.

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods; and by the shaggy tops  
Up-lifting bore them in their hands——

We have the full majesty of *Homer* in this short description, improved by the imagination of *Claudian*, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen Angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of

sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord *Roscommon's* Essay on translated Poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, though at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

*Milton*, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient Poets. The sword of *Michael*, which makes so great a havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

——— But the sword  
Of *Michael* from the armory of God,  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: It met  
The sword of *Satan*, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer——

This passage is a copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into pieces the sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by Heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find  
the

the *Jewish* Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet *Jeremiah*. The following passage, wherein *Satan* is described as wounded by the sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd thro' him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd  
 Not long divisible: and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
 Sanguine, (such as celestial Spirits may bleed)  
 And all his armour stain'd——

*Homer* tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flowed from the wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those Beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The reader will easily observe how *Milton* has

kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

—Where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of *Moloch*, furious King! who him defy'd,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon  
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing——

*Milton* has likewise rais'd his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel Angels, are drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might!  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake Heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,  
My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms,  
Gird on thy sword on thy puissant thigh.

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this engagement  
of



of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods, mixed together in battle. *Mars* animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the same time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle and all the tops of the mountains shake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his battle of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, *Milton* has filled his fight of good and bad Angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the Poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created?

All Heaven resounded, and had earth been then,  
All earth had to its centre shook ———

In

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God?

—— Under his burning wheels  
The stedfast *Empyrean* shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God——

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himself is able to describe.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n.

In a word, *Milton's* genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain resting-places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time: he has therefore with great address interspersed several speeches, reflexions, similitudes, and the like reliefs to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader, that he might come fresh to his great action, and by such a contrast of ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his description.

L

Monday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 334 Monday, March 24.

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—*Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quàm quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.*

Cicero de Gestu.

You would have each of us be a kind of *Roscus* in his way; and you have said, that men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

**I**T is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shews the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean, is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing. I knew a Gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture and aspect) is natural

natural to some men; but even those would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view: and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man with those beautiful features, and well-fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but new learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learned to know what is the true harmony



harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen *Booth*, in the character of *Pyrrhus*, march to his throne to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the Author of the following Letter has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, until I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ SINCE there are scarce any of the arts or  
‘ sciences that have not been recommended  
‘ to the world by the pens of some of the pro-  
‘ fessors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby  
‘ the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising  
‘ from them, both as to the speculative and prac-  
‘ tical part, have been made public, to the great  
‘ advantage and improvement of such arts and  
‘ sciences; why should Dancing, an art cele-  
‘ brated by the ancients in so extraordinary a  
‘ manner, be totally neglected by the moderns,  
‘ and left destitute of any pen to recommend  
‘ its various excellencies and substantial merit to  
‘ mankind.

‘ The

' The low ebb to which Dancing is now  
 ' fallen, is altogether owing to this silence. The  
 ' art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it  
 ' lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily  
 ' fallen under the imputation of illiterate and  
 ' mechanic: And as *Terence*, in one of his  
 ' Prologues, complains of the Rope-dancers  
 ' drawing all the spectators from his Play,  
 ' so may we well say, that capering and tum-  
 ' bling is now preferred to, and supplies the  
 ' place of just and regular Dancing on our  
 ' Theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion,  
 ' high time that some one should come to its  
 ' assistance, and relieve it from the many gross  
 ' and growing errors that have crept into it,  
 ' and over-cast its real beauties; and to set  
 ' Dancing in its true light, would shew the  
 ' usefulness and elegance of it, with the plea-  
 ' sure and instruction produced from it; and  
 ' also lay down some fundamental rules, that  
 ' might so tend to the improvement of its  
 ' professors, and information of the spectators,  
 ' that the first might be the better enabled to  
 ' perform, and the latter rendered more capable  
 ' of judging, what is (if there be any thing)  
 ' valuable in this art.

' To encourage therefore some ingenious pen  
 ' capable of so generous an undertaking, and in  
 ' some measure to relieve Dancing from the  
 ' disadvantages it at present lies under, I, who  
 ' teach to dance, have attempted a small treatise  
 ' as an Essay towards an History of Dancing;  
 ' in which I have enquired into its antiquity,  
 ' original,

original, and use, and shewn what esteem the  
ancients had for it: I have likewise considered  
the nature and perfection of all its several  
parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is,  
both as a qualification and an exercise; and  
endeavoured to answer all objections that have  
been maliciously raised against it. I have pro-  
ceeded to give an account of the particular  
Dances of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whether  
religious, warlike, or civil; and taken par-  
ticular notice of that part of Dancing relating  
to the ancient stage, and in which the Pan-  
tomimes had so great a share: Nor have I  
been wanting in giving an historical account  
of some particular masters excellent in that  
surprising art. After which, I have advanced  
some observations on the modern Dancing,  
both as to the stage, and that part of it, so  
absolutely necessary for the qualification of  
Gentlemen and Ladies; and have concluded  
with some short remarks on the origin and  
progress of the character by which Dances are  
writ down, and communicated to one master  
from another. If some great Genius after  
this would arise, and advance this art to that  
perfection it seems capable of receiving, what  
might not be expected from it? For if we  
consider the origin of arts and sciences, we  
shall find that some of them took rise from  
beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it  
is very wonderful to think that ever such sur-  
prising structures should have been raised upon  
such ordinary foundations. But what cannot

‘ a great Genius effect? Who would have  
‘ thought that the clangorous noise of a smith’s  
‘ hammers should have given the first rise to  
‘ music? yet *Macrobius* in his second book re-  
‘ lates that *Pythagoras*, in passing by a smith’s  
‘ shop, found that the sounds proceeding from  
‘ the hammers were either more grave or acute,  
‘ according to the different weights of the ham-  
‘ mers. The Philosopher, to improve this hint,  
‘ suspends different weights by strings of the  
‘ same bigness, and found in like manner that  
‘ the sounds answered to the weights. This  
‘ being discovered, he finds out those numbers  
‘ which produced sounds that were consonants:  
‘ As, that two strings of the same substance and  
‘ tension, the one being double the length of  
‘ the other, give that interval which is called  
‘ *Diapason*, or an Eighth; the same was also  
‘ effected from two strings of the same length  
‘ and size, the one having four times the ten-  
‘ sion of the other. By these steps, from so  
‘ mean a beginning, did this great man re-  
‘ duce, what was only before noise, to one  
‘ of the most delightful sciences, by marrying  
‘ it to the Mathematics; and by that means  
‘ caused it to be one of the most abstract and  
‘ demonstrative of sciences. Who knows there-  
‘ fore but Motion, whether decorous or repre-  
‘ sentative, may not (as it seems highly probably  
‘ it may) be taken into consideration by some  
‘ person capable of reducing it into a regular  
‘ science, though not so demonstrative as that  
‘ pro-



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proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts.

Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, as you have declared yourself Visitor of Dancing-schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensibly obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my Essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation; and in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young Ladies, to whom, as Visitor, you ought to be Guardian.

I am, Sir,

Salop, March 10,

1711.

Your most humble servant.

T

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N<sup>o</sup> 335 Tuesday, March 25.

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*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo*

*Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.*

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 317.

These are the likest copies, which are drawn  
From the original of human life. ROSCOMMON.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY,  
when we last met together at the Club,  
told me that he had a great mind to see the  
VOL. V. G new

new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-England Comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mobocs* should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I throw them out, says

says he, at the end of *Norfolk-street*, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four of the clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER's servants, and among the rest my old friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left-hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the head of his Footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the Play-house, where after having marched up the entry in good order the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in its self, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle

of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene; telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate refusal to her Lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head and muttered to himself, ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, these widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a Critic, is the Play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this Play that I do not know the meaning of.

The



The fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering he took for *Astyanax*; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a menace to *Pyrrhus*, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir ROGER added, on my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the Acts, to express their opinion of the Players and of their respective parts. Sir ROGER hearing a cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend *Pylades* was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time: And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him

him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted until the opening of the fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward *Orestes* in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that '*Orestes*, in his madness, looked 'as if he saw something.'

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the Play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man. L



Wednesday,

N<sup>o</sup> 336 Wednesday, March 26.

— — — *Clament periisse pudorem* —  
*Cuncti penè patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,*  
*Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:*  
*Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;*  
*Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ*  
*Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.*

Hor. Ep. I. l. 2. v. 80.

IMITATED.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,  
 Which *Betterton's* grave action dignify'd,  
 Or well-mouth'd *Booth* with emphasis proclaims,  
 (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)  
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage,  
 And swear all shame is lost in *George's* age!  
 You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,  
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,  
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,  
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **A**S you are the daily endeavourer to pro-  
 ‘ mote learning and good sense, I think  
 ‘ myself obliged to suggest to your consideration  
 ‘ whatever may promote or prejudice them.  
 ‘ There is an evil which has prevailed from  
 ‘ generation to generation, which gray hairs and  
 G 4 ‘ tyrannical

' tyrannical custom continue to support; I hope  
 ' your Spectatorial authority will give a season-  
 ' able check to the spread of the infection; I  
 ' mean old mens overbearing the strongest sense  
 ' of their juniors by the mere force of seniority;  
 ' so that for a young man in the bloom of life  
 ' and vigour of age to give a reasonable con-  
 ' tradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpar-  
 ' donable insolence, and regarded as a reversing  
 ' the decrees of nature. I am a young man, I  
 ' confess, yet I honour the gray head as much  
 ' as any one; however, when, in company with  
 ' old men, I hear them speak obscurely, or  
 ' reason preposterously (into which absurdities,  
 ' prejudice, pride, or interest, will sometimes  
 ' throw the wisest) I count it no crime to rec-  
 ' tify their reasonings, unless conscience must  
 ' truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice  
 ' to complaisance. The strongest arguments  
 ' are enervated, and the brightest evidence dis-  
 ' appears, before those tremendous reasonings  
 ' and dazzling discoveries of venerable old age:  
 ' You are young giddy-headed fellows, you  
 ' have not yet had experience of the world.  
 ' Thus we young folks find our ambition cramp-  
 ' ed, and our laziness indulged, since, while  
 ' young, we have little room to display ourselves;  
 ' and, when old, the weakness of nature must  
 ' pass for strength of sense, and we hope that  
 ' hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of  
 ' contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would en-  
 ' liven our activity in the pursuit of learning,  
 ' take our case into consideration; and, with a  
 ' gloss



gloss on brave *Elibu's* sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious incroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers.

“ So these three men ceased to answer *Job*, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of *Elibu* the son of *Barachel* the *Buzite*, of the kindred of *Ram*: Against *Job* was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned *Job*. Now *Elibu* had waited until *Job* had spoken, because they were elder than he. When *Elibu* saw there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And *Elibu* the son of *Barachel* the *Buzite* answered and said, I am young and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine opinion. I said, days should speak and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: Neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also will shew mine opinion. Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst  
“ you

“ you searched out what to say. Yea, I at-  
 “ tended unto you : And behold there was none  
 “ of you that convinced *Job*, or that answered  
 “ his words ; lest ye should say, we have found  
 “ out wisdom : God thrusteth him down, nor  
 “ man. Now he hath not directed his words  
 “ against me : Neither will I answer him with  
 “ your speeches. They were amazed, they an-  
 “ swered no more : They left off speaking.  
 “ When I had waited (for they spake not, but  
 “ stood still and answered no more) I said, I  
 “ will answer also my part, I also will shew  
 “ mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the  
 “ spirit within me constraineth me. Behold,  
 “ my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it  
 “ is ready to burst like new bottles. I will  
 “ speak that I may be refreshed : I will open  
 “ my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray  
 “ you, accept any man’s person, neither let me  
 “ give flattering titles unto man. For I know  
 “ not to give flattering titles ; in so doing my  
 “ Maker would soon take me away.”

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Have formerly read with great satisfaction  
 ‘ your papers about Idols, and the behaviour  
 ‘ of Gentlemen in those Coffee-houses where  
 ‘ women officiate, and impatiently waited to  
 ‘ see you take *India* and *Cbina* shops into con-  
 ‘ sideration : But since you have passed us over  
 ‘ in silence, either that you have not as yet  
 ‘ thought us worth your notice, or that the  
 ‘ grievances we lie under have escaped your dis-  
 ‘ cerning

cerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure at this present writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-women about town; and though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company as any of this end of the town, let the other be who she will: In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a Club of female rakes, who under pretence of taking their innocent rambles, forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a-day to cheapen tea, or buy a skreen; "What else should they mean?" as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle Ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these No-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a basin, a third for my best green-tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there is scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered; so that I can compare them to nothing but the night-goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: The Ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord! What signifies one poor pot of tea,

con-

‘ considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. SPECTATOR, are terrible things; for though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one’s shop; and to convince them that we honest shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the Vapours *gratis*. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my Secretary, so I hope you will make allowances.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,  
and very humble servant,

March the 22d.

T

Rebecca the distressed.

N<sup>o</sup> 337 Thursday, March 27.

*Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,  
Ire viam quam monstrat eques*—Hor. Epist. 2. l. i. v. 64.

The Jockey trains the young and tender horse,  
While yet soft-mouth’d, and breeds him to the course.

CREECH.

I Have lately received a third Letter from the Gentleman, who has already given the public two Essays upon Education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

SIR



S I R,

IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon Education. You may please to remember that in my last Letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public Education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

I intend therefore, in this Letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue, as they advance in letters.

I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many *Greek* or *Latin* sentences, but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad.

By

‘ By this means they would insensibly arrive at  
‘ proper notions of courage, temperance, honour  
‘ and justice.

‘ There must be great care taken how the  
‘ example of any particular person is recom-  
‘ mended to them in gross; instead of which  
‘ they ought to be taught wherein such a man,  
‘ though great in some respects, was weak and  
‘ faulty in others. For want of this caution, a  
‘ boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a  
‘ great character, that he confounds its beauties  
‘ with its blemishes, and looks even upon the  
‘ faulty parts of it with an eye of admiration.

‘ I have often wondered how *Alexander*,  
‘ who was naturally of a generous and merciful  
‘ disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous  
‘ an action as that of dragging the Governor of  
‘ a town after his chariot. I know this is gene-  
‘ rally ascribed to his passion for *Homer*; but I  
‘ lately met with a passage in *Plutarch*, which,  
‘ if I am not very much mistaken, still gives  
‘ us a clearer light into the motives of this  
‘ action. *Plutarch* tells us, that *Alexander* in  
‘ his youth had a Master named *Lyfimachus*,  
‘ who, though he was a man destitute of all  
‘ politeness, ingratiated himself both with *Philip*  
‘ and his pupil, and became the second man  
‘ at Court, by calling the King *Peleus*, the  
‘ Prince *Achilles*, and himself *Phœnix*. It is  
‘ no wonder if *Alexander* having been thus  
‘ used not only to admire, but to personate  
‘ *Achilles*, should think it glorious to imitate him  
‘ in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

‘ To

‘ To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school-pharse, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked once or twice a week to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him in his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of *Turnus* or *Aeneas*, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

‘ Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve *Horace*’s way of setting before youth the infamous or honourable characters of their contemporaries: That poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. If, says *Horace*, my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me; do not you see (says he) the miserable condition of *Burrus*, and the son of

‘ *Albus*?

‘ *Albus*? Let the misfortunes of those two  
 ‘ wretches teach you to avoid luxury and ex-  
 ‘ travagance. If he would inspire me with an  
 ‘ abhorrence to debauchery, do not (says he)  
 ‘ make yourself like *Sectanus*, when you may  
 ‘ be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures.  
 ‘ How scandalous (says he) is the character of  
 ‘ *Trebonius*, who was lately caught in bed with  
 ‘ another man’s wife? To illustrate the force of  
 ‘ this method, the Poet adds, that as a head-  
 ‘ strong patient, who will not at first follow  
 ‘ his physician’s prescriptions, grows orderly  
 ‘ when he hears that his neighbours die all  
 ‘ about him; so youth is often frightened from  
 ‘ vice, by hearing the ill report it brings upon  
 ‘ others.

‘ *Xenophon*’s schools of equity, in his life of  
 ‘ *Cyrus* the Great, are sufficiently famous. He  
 ‘ tells us, that the *Persian* children went to  
 ‘ school, and employed their time as diligently  
 ‘ in learning the principles of justice and sobriety;  
 ‘ as the youth in other countries did to acquire  
 ‘ the most difficult arts and sciences: Their  
 ‘ Governors spent most part of the day in hear-  
 ‘ ing their mutual accusations one against the  
 ‘ other, whether for violence, cheating, slander,  
 ‘ or ingratitude; and taught them how to give  
 ‘ judgment against those who were found to be  
 ‘ any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the  
 ‘ story of the long and short coat, for which  
 ‘ *Cyrus* himself was punished, as a case equally  
 ‘ known with any in *Littleton*.



‘ The method, which *Apuleius* tells us the  
‘ *Indian Gymnosophists* took to educate their  
‘ disciples, is still more curious and remarkable.  
‘ His words are as follow: When their dinner  
‘ is ready, before it is served up, the Masters  
‘ enquire of every particular scholar how he  
‘ has employed his time since sun-rising; some  
‘ of them answer, that having been chosen as  
‘ arbiters between two persons they have com-  
‘ posed their differences, and made them friends;  
‘ some, that they have been executing the orders  
‘ of their parents; and others, that they have  
‘ either found out something new by their own  
‘ application, or learned it from the instructions  
‘ of their fellows: But if there happens to be  
‘ any one among them, who cannot make it  
‘ appear that he has employed the morning to  
‘ advantage, he is immediately excluded from  
‘ the company, and obliged to work while the  
‘ rest are at dinner.

‘ It is not impossible, that from these several  
‘ ways of producing virtue in the minds of  
‘ boys, some general method might be invented.  
‘ What I would endeavour to inculcate, is, that  
‘ our youth cannot be too soon taught the prin-  
‘ ciples of virtue, seeing the first impressions  
‘ which are made on the mind are always the  
‘ strongest.

‘ The Archbishop of *Cambray* makes *Telema-  
‘ chus* say, that, though he was young in years,  
‘ he was old in the art of knowing how to  
‘ keep both his own and his friends secrets.  
‘ When my father, says the prince, went to  
VOL. V. H the

' the siege of *Troy*, he took me on his knees,  
 ' and after having embraced and blessed me,  
 ' as he was surrounded by the nobles of *Ithaca*,  
 ' O my friends, says he, into your hands I  
 ' commit the education of my son; if you ever  
 ' loved his father, shew it in your care towards  
 ' him: but above all, do not omit to form him  
 ' just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret.  
 ' These words of my father, says *Telemachus*,  
 ' were continually repeated to me by his friends  
 ' in his absence; who made no scruple of com-  
 ' municating to me their uneasiness to see my  
 ' mother surrounded with Lovers, and the mea-  
 ' sures they designed to take on that occasion.  
 ' He adds, that he was so ravished at being  
 ' thus treated like a man, and at the confidence  
 ' reposed in him, that he never once abused it;  
 ' nor could all the insinuations of his father's  
 ' rivals ever get him to betray what was com-  
 ' mitted to him under the seal of secrecy.

' There is hardly any virtue which a lad  
 ' might not thus learn by practice and example.

' I have heard of a good man, who used at cer-  
 ' tain times to give his scholars six-pence apiece,  
 ' that they might tell him the next day how  
 ' they had employed it. The third part was  
 ' always to be laid out in charity, and every boy  
 ' was blamed or commended as he could make  
 ' it appear he had chosen a fit object.

' In short, nothing is more wanting to our  
 ' public schools, than that the Masters of them  
 ' should use the same care in fashioning the  
 ' manners of their scholars, as in forming their  
 ' tongues

' tongues to the learned languages. Where-ever  
' the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing  
' with Mr. *Locke*, that a man must have a  
' very strange value for words, when, preferring  
' the languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that  
' which made them such brave men, he can  
' think it worth while to hazard the innocence  
' and virtue of his son for a little *Greek* and  
' *Latin*.

' As the subject of this Essay is of the highest  
' importance, and what I do not remember  
' to have yet seen treated by any Author, I  
' have sent you what occurred to me on it from  
' my own observation or reading, and which  
' you may either suppress or publish as you  
' think fit.

I am, Sir,

X

Yours, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> 338 Friday, March 28.

— Nil fuit unquam  
Tam dispar sibi —

Hor. Sat. 3. l. i. v. 18.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

**I** Find the tragedy of the *Distressed Mother* is  
published to-day: The Author of the pro-  
logue, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have  
read somewhere of 'being dull with design;' and

H 2

the

the Gentleman, who writ the epilogue, has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend Sir ROGER, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have in a late Paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two Gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflexions on the several incidents of the play, as pure nature suggested, and from the other such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment: Though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the Knight's reflexions, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the Knight pretty well, until at the last concluding lines she intirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well



‘ well writ, but having paid down my half  
‘ crown, and made a fair purchase of as much  
‘ of the pleasing melancholy as the Poet’s art  
‘ can afford me, or my own nature admit of,  
‘ I am willing to carry some of it home with  
‘ me; and cannot endure to be at once tricked  
‘ out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity  
‘ in the world. However, I kept my seat the  
‘ other night, in hopes of finding my own senti-  
‘ ments of this matter favoured by your friend’s;  
‘ when to my great surprise, I found the Knight  
‘ entering with equal pleasure into both parts,  
‘ and as much satisfied with Mrs. *Oldfield*’s gaiety,  
‘ as he had been before with *Andromache*’s great-  
‘ ness. Whether this were no more than an  
‘ effect of the Knight’s peculiar humanity, pleased  
‘ to find at last, that after all the tragical doings  
‘ every thing was safe and well, I do not know.  
‘ But for my own part, I must confess I was so  
‘ dissatisfied, that I was sorry the Poet had saved  
‘ *Andromache*, and could heartily have wished  
‘ that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage.  
‘ For you cannot imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR,  
‘ the mischief she has reserved to do me. I  
‘ found my soul, during the action, gradually  
‘ worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the  
‘ exalted passion, which all generous minds  
‘ conceive at the sight of Virtue in distress. The  
‘ impression, believe me, Sir, was so strong  
‘ upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been  
‘ let alone in it, I could at an extremity have  
‘ ventured to defend yourself and Sir ROGER  
‘ against half a score of the fiercest *Mobcs*:

‘ But the ludicrous epilogue in the close extin-  
‘ guished all my ardour, and made me look  
‘ upon all such noble achievements as down-  
‘ right silly and Romantic. What the rest of  
‘ the audience felt, I cannot so well tell: For  
‘ myself I must declare, that at the end of  
‘ the Play I found my soul uniform, and all of  
‘ a piece; but at the end of the epilogue it  
‘ was so jumbled together, and divided between  
‘ jest and earnest, that if you will forgive me  
‘ an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down.  
‘ I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that  
‘ moment quitted my body, and descended to  
‘ the poetical shades in the posture it was then  
‘ in, what a strange figure it would have  
‘ made among them. They would not have  
‘ known what to have made of my motley  
‘ spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over  
‘ resembling a ridiculous face, that at the same  
‘ time laughs on one side and cries on the  
‘ other. The only defence, I think, I have  
‘ ever heard made for this, as it seems to me,  
‘ the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to  
‘ the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the  
‘ audience must be refreshed, and Gentlemen  
‘ and Ladies not sent away to their own homes  
‘ with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about  
‘ them: For who knows the consequence of  
‘ this? We are much obliged indeed to the  
‘ Poets for the great tenderness they express for  
‘ the safety of our persons, and heartily thank  
‘ them for it. But if that be all, pray, good  
‘ Sir, assure them, that we are none of us  
‘ like

like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter, is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: For a great many of our church-musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced in their farewell voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church-services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering Gentlemen should be informed that they ought to suit their Airs to the place, and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief: For when the preacher has often, with great piety and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself and in the rest of the pew good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ lost. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce: But this I am credibly informed of, that *Paul Lorrain* has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential

H 4

psalm,

‘ psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent  
 ‘ new ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir,  
 ‘ do what you can to put a stop to those grow-  
 ‘ ing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

*Phyfibulus.*

N<sup>o</sup> 339 Saturday, March 29.

— *Ut his exordia primis*

*Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.  
 Tum durare solum & discludere Nerea ponto  
 Cæperit, & rerum paulatim sumere formas.*

Virg. Ecl. 6. v. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame;  
 How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,  
 Fell thro' the mighty void, and in their fall  
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.  
 The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees  
 Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.  
 Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,  
 And a new sun to the new world arose.

DRYDEN.

**L**ONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient Authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame



in flame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those, who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. *Milton* has shewn himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The Author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic above-mentioned, among the rules, which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great Genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

*Milton,*

*Milton*, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and enobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the Poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the *Jews* has described the creation in the first chapter of *Genesis*; and there are many other passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

*Adam's* speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n  
 Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, &c.

The Angel's encouraging our first Parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of Angels, and clothed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our Author raised upon that hint in one of the Prophets! 'And behold there came four chariots' out from between two mountains, and the 'mountains were mountains of brass.'

About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
*Cberub* and *Seraph*, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spirits and chariots wing'd,  
 From th' armory of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd,  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand;  
 Celestial equipage! and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd;  
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!  
 On golden hinges moving——

I have

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of Heaven; and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the Hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first out-line of the Creation.

On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.  
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!  
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:  
Nor staid; but on the wings of cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into *Chaos*, and the world unborn;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice. Him all his train  
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
In God's eternal store to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things:  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round, through the vast profundity obscure;  
And



And said thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just circumference, O world !

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer's* spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of *Minerva's Ægis*, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear, which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet, that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation formed after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them describing the supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it : And in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last  
noble

noble thought *Milton* has expressed in the following verse:

And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of Angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

— Thus was the first day ev'n and morn;  
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung  
By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;  
Birth day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout  
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave  
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:  
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters —

We

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other Poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through Heav'n's high road: the gray  
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence: Less bright the Moon,  
But opposite in levell'd west was set,  
His mirrour, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other lights she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere —

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the Behemoth. As the lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest productions  
in

in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our Author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in Heaven, to remind *Adam* of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the Heavens and Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode;  
 Thence to behold this new-created world,  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea: Up he rode,  
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air  
 Resounding (thou remember'ft, for thou heard'ft)  
 The



The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
 The planets in their station listning stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world!

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our *English* verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The Author has shewn us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable instances, that divine wisdom, which the son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that 'He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.

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N<sup>o</sup> 340 Monday, March 31.

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*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?  
Quem sese ore ferens! quàm forti pectore & armis!*

Virg. Æn. 4. v. 10.

What Chief is this that visits us from far,  
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war?

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at: He ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice and integrity; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a preeminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that

there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share: It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape of him, in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself.

Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many Letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the Prince who lately visited *England*, and has done such wonders for the liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned when they desire a description of him: There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in *Wales* beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the *Alps*; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who shewed him the

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way,

way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A Gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do mens fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have writ to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised *Cremona*; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at *Turin*: But in general I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The Prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise, has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch: His aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming

one



one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public while with us, rather to return good-will, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence: A great soul is affected in either case, no further than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them, with the justness, propriety, and good sense of *Cæsar*. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprize; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The Prince has wisdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain-glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what

every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Eugene*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit: Should you be told that was Prince *Eugene*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into familiar goodwill.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an Hero who never was equalled but by one man; over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity. T

N<sup>o</sup> 341 Tuesday, April 1,

—*Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem*

*Mittite*—

Virg. *Æn.* I. v. 206.

Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.

DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent *Phyfibulus*, printed his Letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

S I R,

S I R,

‘ I Am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked  
 ‘ in your last *Friday’s* Paper, which has  
 ‘ been so generally applauded by the town, and  
 ‘ received such honours as were never before  
 ‘ given to any in an *English* Theatre.

‘ The audience would not permit Mrs. *Old-*  
 ‘ *field* to go off the stage the first night, until  
 ‘ she had repeated it twice; the second night  
 ‘ the noise of *Ancora’s* was as loud as before,  
 ‘ and she was again obliged to speak it twice :  
 ‘ the third night it was called for a second time ;  
 ‘ and, in short, contrary to all other Epilogues,  
 ‘ which are dropt after the third representation  
 ‘ of the Play, this has already been repeated  
 ‘ nine times.

‘ I must own I am the more surpris’d to  
 ‘ find this censure in opposition to the whole  
 ‘ town, in a Paper which has hitherto been  
 ‘ famous for the candour of its criticisms.

‘ I can by no means allow your melancholy  
 ‘ correspondent, that the new Epilogue is un-  
 ‘ natural, because it is gay. If I had a mind to  
 ‘ be learned, I could tell him that the Prologue  
 ‘ and Epilogue were real parts of the ancient  
 ‘ Tragedy ; but every one knows that on the  
 ‘ *British* Stage they are distinct performances  
 ‘ by themselves, pieces intirely detached from  
 ‘ the Play, and no way essential to it.

‘ The moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield*  
 ‘ is no more *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield* ;  
 ‘ and though the Poet had left “ *Andromache*

“ stone-dead upon the stage,” as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a merry Epilogue. We have an instance of this in a Tragedy where there is not only a death but a martyrdom. St. *Catherine* was there personated by *Nell Gwin*; she lies “ stone-dead upon the stage,” but upon those Gentlemens offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our *English* Tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good Epilogue:

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,  
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.

‘ This diverting manner was always practised by Mr. *Dryden*, who, if he was not the best writer of Tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a Prologue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all precedents of this nature.

‘ I might further justify this practice by that excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few years since, after the Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*; with a great many others, in which the Authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shewn that it was not for want of good-will.

‘ I



‘ I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a *French Play*; since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in *Europe*, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well-pleased. The same person, who has supported the chief character in the Tragedy, very often plays the principal part in the *Petite Piece*; so that I have myself seen at *Paris*, *Orestes* and *Lubin* acted the same night by the same man.

‘ Tragi-Comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a former Speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have already had their full course.

‘ As the new Epilogue is written conformable to the practice of our best Poets, so it is not such an one, which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* says in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other Play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

‘ The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious Epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the Gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be  
sent

‘ sent home to bed in a good humour. If *Phy-*  
 ‘ *fibulus* is however resolved to be inconsolable,  
 ‘ and not to have his tears dried up, he need  
 ‘ only continue his old custom, and when he has  
 ‘ had his half crown’s worth of sorrow, sink  
 ‘ out before the Epilogue begins.

‘ It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical  
 ‘ Genius, complaining of the great mischief  
 ‘ *Andromache* had done him: What was that?  
 ‘ Why, she made him laugh. The poor Gen-  
 ‘ tleman’s sufferings put me in mind of *Harle-*  
 ‘ *quin*’s case, who was tickled to death. He  
 ‘ tells us soon after, through a small mistake of  
 ‘ sorrow for rage, that during the whole action  
 ‘ he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could  
 ‘ have attacked “ half a score of the fiercest  
 ‘ “ *Mobocs*” in the excess of his grief. I can-  
 ‘ not but look upon it as an happy accident,  
 ‘ that a man who is so bloody-minded in his  
 ‘ affliction, was diverted from this fit of out-  
 ‘ rageous melancholy. The valour of this Gen-  
 ‘ tleman in his distress brings to one’s memory  
 ‘ the *Knight of the sorrowful Countenance*, who  
 ‘ lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in  
 ‘ an old Romance. I shall readily grant him  
 ‘ that his Soul, as he himself says, “ would have  
 ‘ “ made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted  
 ‘ “ the body, and descended to the poetical  
 ‘ “ shades,” in such an encounter.

‘ As to his conceit of tacking a “ Tragic  
 ‘ “ head” with a “ Comic tail,” in order to  
 ‘ “ refresh the audience,” it is such a piece of  
 ‘ Jargon, that I do not know what to make  
 ‘ of it. ‘ The

‘ The elegant writer makes a very sudden  
‘ transition from the Play-house to the Church,  
‘ and from thence to the Gallows.

‘ As for what relates to the Church, he is  
‘ of opinion, that these Epilogues have given  
‘ occasion to those “ merry jigs from the organ-  
‘ loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts  
‘ and dispositions he has found in himself, and  
‘ the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two  
‘ staves culled out by the judicious and diligent  
‘ Clerk.

‘ He fetches his next thought from *Tyburn* ;  
‘ and seems very apprehensive lest there should  
‘ happen any innovations in the Tragedies of  
‘ his friend *Paul Lorrain*.

‘ In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer,  
‘ who is so mightily scandalized at a gay Epi-  
‘ logue after a serious Play, speaking of the fate  
‘ of those unhappy wretches who are condemned  
‘ to suffer an ignominious death by the justice  
‘ of our laws, endeavours to make the reader  
‘ merry on so improper an occasion, by those  
‘ poor burlesque expressions of “ Tragical Dra-  
‘ mas,” and “ Monthly Performances.”

I am, Sir,

with great respect,

your most obedient,

most humble servant,

*Philomeides.*

Wednesday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 342 Wednesday, April 2.

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*Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ non offendere.* Tull.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; Decency in giving them no offence.

**A**S regard to Decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following Letter which describes an egregious offender.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Was this day looking over your Papers, and  
 ‘ reading in that of *December* the sixth, with  
 ‘ great delight, the amiable grief of *Afteria* for  
 ‘ the absence of her husband, it threw me into  
 ‘ a great deal of reflexion. I cannot say but  
 ‘ this arose very much from the circumstances  
 ‘ of my own life, who am a Soldier, and expect  
 ‘ every day to receive orders; which will oblige  
 ‘ me to leave behind me a wife that is very  
 ‘ dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is,  
 ‘ at present, I am sure, no way below your  
 ‘ *Afteria* for conjugal affection: But I see the  
 ‘ behaviour of some women so little suited to  
 ‘ the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall  
 ‘ soon be, that it is with a reluctance I never  
 ‘ knew



knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain, is, the example of a young Lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. *Hortensius*, an Officer of good rank in her Majesty's service, happened in a certain part of *England* to be brought to a Country - Gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome, with which men of domestic lives entertain such few Soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered over-bearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. *Hortensius* staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some parts of the day with the beautiful *Sylvana*, the Gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which *Hortensius* was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and among the rest, you will think it not improbable, it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as *Sylvana* would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that *Hortensius* knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions,

of

' of a parent who had nothing to add to her  
 ' personal qualifications. The wedding was ce-  
 ' lebrated at her father's house: When that was  
 ' over, the generous husband did not proportion  
 ' his provision for her to the circumstances of  
 ' her fortune, but considered his wife as his  
 ' darling, his pride, and his vanity, or rather  
 ' that it was in the woman he had chosen that  
 ' a man of sense could shew pride or vanity with  
 ' an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich  
 ' habits and valuable jewels. He did not how-  
 ' ever omit to admonish her that he did his  
 ' very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation  
 ' he could not be guilty of but to a woman he  
 ' had so much pleasure in, desiring her to con-  
 ' sider it as such; and begged of her also to  
 ' take these matters rightly, and believe the  
 ' gems, the gowns, the laces would still become  
 ' her better, if her air and behaviour was such,  
 ' that it might appear she dressed thus rather in  
 ' compliance to his humour than out  
 ' of any value she herself had for the trifles.  
 ' To this lesson, too hard for a woman, *Hor-*  
 ' *tensius* added, that she must be sure to stay  
 ' with her friends in the country until his re-  
 ' turn. As soon as *Hortensius* departed, *Sylvana*  
 ' saw in her looking glass that the love he  
 ' conceived for her was wholly owing to the  
 ' accident of seeing her; and she is convinced it  
 ' was only her misfortune the rest of mankind  
 ' had not beheld her, or men of much greater  
 ' quality and merit had contended for one so  
 ' genteel, though bred in obscurity; so very  
 ' witty

witty, though never acquainted with Court or Town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world, but without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest Lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all *Hortensius* is able to supply her with; though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, would it not be a work becoming your office to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflexions you can: You should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that  
of

of being less entertaining than she could to please her company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried womens characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother: All these may be well performed, though a Lady should not be the very finest woman at an Opera or an Assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the Sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure and ambition on things, which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for  
their



their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

T

N<sup>o</sup> 343 Thursday, April 3.

———*Errat, et illinc*

*Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus: æque feris humana in corpora transit,  
Inque feras nostræ*———

Pythag. ap. Ovid. Metam. l. 15. v. 165.

—All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies,  
By time, or force, or sickness dispossest'd,  
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.

DRYDEN.

**W**ILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls, and that the Eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycant, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here

VOL. V.

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by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at *Algiers*. You must know, says *WILL*, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They will tell you, says *WILL*, that the Soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, *WILL* told us that *Jack Freeloze*, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those Ladies who throw away all their fondness on Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty Epistle upon this hint. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the windows: until at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his mistress, in the person of the Monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

The Lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says *WILL*, whether it was written by *Jack* or the Monkey.

MADAM,

MADAM,

NOT having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago, I was an *Indian* Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your *European* Philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my Soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a Dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity until the day of my death.

‘ I was then shuffled into another human  
‘ body, and acted my part so very well in it, that  
‘ I became first Minister to a Prince who reigned  
‘ upon the banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived  
‘ in great honour for several years, but by degrees  
‘ lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being  
‘ obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich  
‘ my Sovereign; until at length I became so  
‘ odious, that my master, to recover his credit  
‘ with his subjects, shot me through the heart  
‘ with an arrow, as I was one day addressing  
‘ myself to him at the head of his army.

‘ Upon my next remove I found myself in  
‘ the woods, under the shape of a Jackcall, and  
‘ soon listed myself in the service of a Lion.  
‘ I used to yelp near his den about midnight,  
‘ which was his time of rousing and seeking  
‘ after his prey. He always followed me in  
‘ the rear, and when I had run down a fat  
‘ buck, a wild goat or an hare, after he had  
‘ feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would  
‘ now and then throw me a bone that was but  
‘ half picked for my encouragement; but upon  
‘ my being unsuccessful in two or three chaces,  
‘ he gave me such a confounded gripe in his  
‘ anger, that I died of it.

‘ In my next transmigration I was again set  
‘ upon two legs, and became an *Indian* Tax-  
‘ gatherer; but having been guilty of great ex-  
‘ travagances, and being married to an expen-  
‘ sive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt,  
‘ that I durst not shew my head. I could no  
‘ sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested  
by



‘ by some body or other that lay in wait for  
‘ me. As I ventured abroad one night in the  
‘ dusk of the evening, I was taken up and  
‘ hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few  
‘ months after.

‘ My Soul then entered into a Flying-fish,  
‘ and in that state led a most melancholy life  
‘ for the space of six years. Several fishes of  
‘ prey pursued me when I was in the water,  
‘ and if I betook myself to my wings, it was  
‘ ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming  
‘ at me. As I was one day flying amidst a  
‘ fleet of *English* ships, I observed a huge sea-  
‘ gull whetting his bill and hovering just over  
‘ my head: Upon my dipping into the water  
‘ to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a  
‘ monstrous shark that swallowed me down in  
‘ an instant.

‘ I was some years afterwards, to my great  
‘ surprise, an eminent Banker in *Lombard-street*;  
‘ and remembering how I had formerly suffered  
‘ for want of money, became so very sordid  
‘ and avaricious, that the whole town cried  
‘ shame of me. I was a miserable little old  
‘ fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner  
‘ starved myself, and was nothing but skin and  
‘ bone when I died.

‘ I was afterwards very much troubled and  
‘ amazed to find myself dwindled into an  
‘ Emmet. I was heartily concerned to make  
‘ so insignificant a figure, and did not know  
‘ but some time or other I might be re-  
‘ duced to a mite if I did not mend my

‘ manners. I therefore applied myself with  
 ‘ great diligence to the offices that were allotted  
 ‘ me, and was generally looked upon as the  
 ‘ noblest ant in the whole molehill. I was at  
 ‘ last picked up, as I was groaning under a  
 ‘ burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that  
 ‘ lived in the neighbourhood, and had before  
 ‘ made great depredations upon our common-  
 ‘ wealth.

‘ I then bettered my condition a little, and  
 ‘ lived a whole summer in the shape of a Bee;  
 ‘ but being tired with the painful and penurious  
 ‘ life I had undergone in my two last transmi-  
 ‘ grations, I fell into the other extreme, and  
 ‘ turned Drone. As I one day headed a party  
 ‘ to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly  
 ‘ by the swarm which defended it, that we were  
 ‘ most of us left dead upon the spot.

‘ I might tell you of many other transmigra-  
 ‘ tions which I went through: how I was a  
 ‘ Town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a  
 ‘ bay Gelding for ten years; as also how I was  
 ‘ a Tailor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-tit. In the  
 ‘ last of these my shapes I was shot in the *Christ-*  
 ‘ *mas* holidays by a young jackanapes, who  
 ‘ would needs try his new gun upon me.

‘ But I shall pass over these and several other  
 ‘ stages of life, to remind you of the young  
 ‘ Beau who made love to you about six years  
 ‘ since. You may remember, Madam, how  
 ‘ he masked, and danced, and sung, and played  
 ‘ a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he  
 ‘ was at last carried off by a cold that he got  
 ‘ under

' under your window one night in a serenade.  
 ' I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom  
 ' you were then so cruel to. Not long after my  
 ' shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon  
 ' a hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my present  
 ' grotesque shape, until I was caught by a ser-  
 ' vant of the *English* Factory, and sent over  
 ' into *Great Britain*: I need not inform you  
 ' how I came into your hands. You see, Madam,  
 ' this is not the first time that you have had  
 ' me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in  
 ' this my captivity, as you often bestow on me  
 ' those kisses and caresses which I would have  
 ' given the world for, when I was a man. I  
 ' hope this discovery of my person will not tend  
 ' to my disadvantage, but that you will still con-  
 ' tinue your accustomed favours to

Your most devoted humble servant,

*Pugg.*

P. S. ' I would advise your little shock-dog  
 ' to keep out of my way; for as I look upon  
 ' him to be the most formidable of my rivals,  
 ' I may chance one time or other to give him  
 ' such a snap as he will not like.' L



N<sup>o</sup> 344

Friday, April 4.

*—In solo vivendi causa palato est.*

Juv. Sat. 11. v. 11.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give  
But that one brutal reason why they live.

CONGREVE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Think it has not yet fallen into your way  
to discourse on little ambition, or the many  
whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish  
themselves among their acquaintance: Such  
observations, well pursued, would make a  
pretty history of low life. I myself am got  
into a great reputation, which arose (as most  
extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem  
to do) from a mere accident. I was some days  
ago unfortunately engaged among a set of Gen-  
tlemen, who esteem a man according to the  
quantity of food he throws down at a meal.  
Now I, who am ever for distinguishing my-  
self according to the notions of superiority  
which the rest of the company entertain, eat  
so immoderately for their applause, as had  
like to have cost me my life. What added  
to my misfortune was, that having naturally a  
good stomach, and having lived soberly for  
some time, my body was as well prepared for  
this



this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every Glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I eat a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect however of this engagement, has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is to desire you to inform several Gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions: It was then that I returned his mirth upon him with such success as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory.

' victory. I do not question but the same thing  
 ' after glory has often caused a man to drink  
 ' quarts without taking breath, and prompted  
 ' men to many other difficult enterprizes; which,  
 ' if otherwise pursued, might turn very much  
 ' to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine  
 ' was indeed extravagantly pursued; however  
 ' I cannot help observing, that you hardly ever  
 ' see a man commended for a good stomach,  
 ' but he immediately falls to eating more,  
 ' (though he had before dined) as well to con-  
 ' firm the person that commended him in his  
 ' good opinion of him, as to convince any other  
 ' at the table, who may have been unattentive  
 ' enough not to have done justice to his cha-  
 ' racter.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Epicure Mammon.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

' I Have writ to you three or four times, to  
 ' desire you would take notice of an imper-  
 ' tinent custom the women, the fine women,  
 ' have lately fallen into, of taking Snuff. This  
 ' silly trick is attended with such a coquet air  
 ' in some Ladies, and such a sedate masculine  
 ' one in others, that I cannot tell which most  
 ' to complain of; but they are to me equally  
 ' disagreeable. Mrs. *Santer* is so impatient of  
 ' being without it, that she takes it as often as  
 ' she

she does salt at meals, and as she effects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with Snuff and the fauce, is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her neice does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the Snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of Ladies; that is very true: but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy phyfic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the Snuff-box. But *Flavilla* is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good *Brazil*) in the middle of the sermon, and to shew she has the audacity of a well-bred woman,

she

‘ she offers it the men as well as the women  
 ‘ who sit near her: But since by this time all  
 ‘ the world knows she has a fine hand, I am  
 ‘ in hopes she may give herself no further trouble  
 ‘ in this matter. On *Sunday* was *sevensnight*,  
 ‘ when they came about for the offering, she  
 ‘ gave her charity with a very good air, but  
 ‘ at the same time asked the Church-warden,  
 ‘ if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think  
 ‘ of these things in time, and you will oblige,

Sir,

T Your most humble servant.

N<sup>o</sup> 345 Saturday, April 5.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ  
 Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset.  
 Natus homo est*——— Ovid. Met. lib. 1. v. 76.

A creature of a more exalted kind  
 Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd;  
 Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,  
 For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.

DRYDEN.

THE accounts which *Raphael* gives of the  
 battle of Angels, and the creation of the  
 World, have in them those qualifications which  
 the Critics judge requisite to an Episode.  
 They



They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connexion with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the Archangel made on our first Parents. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days works. The Poet here, with a great deal of art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her Sex. He well knew that the Episode in this book, which is filled with *Adam's* account of his passion and esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd  
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse : which *Eve*  
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose ; and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud, and bloom,  
Her nursery : they at her coming sprung,  
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high : Such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*Adam* relating, the sole auditress ;  
Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather : he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful

Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses : from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd !

The Angel's returning a doubtful answer to *Adam's* enquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an Archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the *Ptolemaic* and *Copernican* hypothesis are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

*Adam*, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation ; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great Ancestor ; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first Man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole Episode. As our Author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it

into the relation of the six days works, but reserved it for a distinct Episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The first is that wherein our Ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger, both from labour) at the hour  
Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,  
Tho' pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

The other I shall mention, is that in which the Angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story *Adam* was about to relate.

For I that day was absent, as beset,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure;  
Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,  
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.

There is no question but our Poet drew the image in what follows from that in *Virgil's*  
3 sixth

sixth book, where *Æneas* and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

—Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
But, long ere our approaching, heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

*Adam* then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the beautiful landskip that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion?

—As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight towards Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd,  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet: About me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these  
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd  
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

*Adam*



*Adam* is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination.

—Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,  
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred Story.

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought

of, though upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first Parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

—Each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two, these cowering low  
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing:  
I nam'd them as they pass'd—

*Adam*, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The Poet here represents the Supreme Being, as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of *Paradise*, and lord of the whole Creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole Poem: The more the reader examines

amines the justness and delicacy of his sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following lines :

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,  
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.  
—I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus reply'd :  
Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power !  
My Maker be propitious while I speak, &c.

*Adam* then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her, is touched very finely :

Under his forming hands a creature grew  
Manlike, but diff'rent Sex : so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before :  
And into all things from her air inspir'd  
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.

*Adam's* distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been

presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship; are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Though this part of the Poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the same occasion in a scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject, that might be offensive to religion or good-manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the Author joined together, in the reflexion which *Adam* makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense.

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,  
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed; but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change  
Nor vehement desires; these delicacies  
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,  
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here  
Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
Superior, and unmov'd, here only weak

Against



Against the charms of beauty's powerful glance :  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain ;  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward shew  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.

—— ——— When I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded : Wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews ;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally : and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe,  
 About her as a guard angelic plac'd.

These sentiments of love, in our first Parent,  
 give the Angel such an insight into human  
 nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils  
 which might befall the species in general, as well  
 as *Adam* in particular, from the excess of this  
 passion. He therefore fortifies him against it  
 by timely admonitions ; which very artfully pre-  
 pare the mind of the reader for the occurrences  
 of the next book, where the weakness, of which  
*Adam* here gives such distant discoveries, brings  
 about the fatal event which is the subject of the  
 Poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle  
 rebuke he received from the Angel, shews that

his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for *Paradise*.

Neither her outside form so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds,  
(Tho' higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!

*Adam's* speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence. L



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N<sup>o</sup> 346 Monday, April 7.

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*Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longè antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; Illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.* Tull.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence: The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his own family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be.

L. 4

Let

Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of rallery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'that Gentleman was generous?' My beloved Author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my Paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant Benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life: And according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune without commerce can possibly support. For the citizen above all other men has opportunities of arriving at 'that highest fruit of wealth, to be ' liberal without the least expence of a man's  
own



own fortune.' It is not to be denied but such practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in *England* are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship, (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the Bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known Benignity in his nature, as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know

know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that Munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject, who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his Benignity the furthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may in all the occurrences of his life have his eye upon the removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this Benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn mercy. This Benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction: Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man further even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate.

My Author argues on this subject, in order to incline mens minds to those who want them most, after this manner; ' We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefit you do them; they think they conferred a benefit when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliged man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of Benignity is in the power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediately under my patronage, are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs: All therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town that on *Friday* the 11th of this instant *April*, there will be performed in *York-Buildings* a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. *Edward Keen*, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty *George Powell* hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in *Alexander*, *Timon*, *Lear*, and *Orestes*, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest *Jack Falstaffe*. T



Tuesday,



N<sup>o</sup> 347 Tuesday, April 8.

*Quis furor, ô cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!*

Lucan. lib. I. v. 8.

What blind, detested, madness could afford  
Such horrid licence to the murd'ring sword?

Rowe.

I DO not question but my country readers have been very much surpris'd at the several accounts they have met with in our public Papers of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of *Mobocs*. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most peoples memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the *Mobocs* are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her Majesty's dominions, though they were never

never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mobocs* are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them 'the *Mobocs* will catch them,' it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic: And the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian Orthography*.

I shall only further inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following Letter and Manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them until now.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

' F Inding that our earnest endeavours for the  
' good of mankind have been basely and  
' maliciously represented to the world, we send  
' you inclosed our imperial manifesto, which it  
' is

is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily Paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

Signed,

*Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,*

Emperor of the *Mobocs.*

The Manifesto of *Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,*  
Emperor of the *Mobocs.*

‘ **W** Hereas we have received information  
‘ from sundry quarters of this great and  
‘ populous city, of several outrages committed  
‘ on the legs, arms, noses and other parts of  
‘ the good people of *England*, by such as have  
‘ stiled themselves our subjects; in order to vin-  
‘ dicate our imperial dignity from the false  
‘ aspersions which have been cast on it, as if  
‘ we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted  
‘ any such practices; we have, by these pre-  
‘ sents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhor-  
‘ rence and detestation of all such tumultuous  
‘ and irregular proceedings; and do hereby  
‘ further give notice, that if any person or per-  
‘ sons has or have suffered any wound, hurt,  
‘ damage or detriment in his or their limb or  
‘ limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter speci-  
‘ fied, the said person or persons, upon apply-  
‘ ing

‘ ing themselves to such as we shall appoint  
‘ for the inspection and redress of the grievances  
‘ aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the  
‘ care of our principal surgeon, and be cured  
‘ at our own expence, in some one or other  
‘ of those hospitals which we are now erect-  
‘ ing for that purpose.

‘ And to the end that no one may, either  
‘ through ignorance or inadvertency, incur  
‘ those penalties which we have thought fit to  
‘ inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives,  
‘ we do hereby notify to the Public, that if any  
‘ man be knocked down or assaulted while he  
‘ is employed in his lawful business, at proper  
‘ hours, that it is not done by our order; and  
‘ we do hereby permit and allow any such per-  
‘ son so knocked down or assaulted, to rise  
‘ again, and defend himself in the best manner  
‘ that he is able.

‘ We do also command all and every our  
‘ good subjects, that they do not presume, upon  
‘ any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth  
‘ from their respective quarters until between  
‘ the hours of eleven and twelve. That they  
‘ never Tip the Lion upon man, woman, or  
‘ child, until the clock at St. *Dunstan's* shall  
‘ have struck one.

‘ That the Sweat be never given but between  
‘ the hours of one and two; always provided,  
‘ that our *Hunters* may begin to hunt a little  
‘ after the close of the evening, any thing to  
‘ the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided  
‘ also, that if ever they are reduced to the  
‘ necessity



' necessity of Pinking, it shall always be in the  
' most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed  
' to view.

' It is also our imperial will and pleasure,  
' that our good subjects the *Sweaters* do esta-  
' blish their *Hummums* in such close places, alleys,  
' nooks, and corners, that the patient or pa-  
' tients may not be in danger of catching  
' cold.

' That the *Tumblers*, to whose care we  
' chiefly commit the female sex, confine them-  
' selves to *Drury-Lane* and the purlieus of the  
' *Temple*, and that every other party and division  
' of our subjects do each of them keep within  
' their respective quarters we have allotted to  
' them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing  
' herein contained shall in any wise be con-  
' strued to extend to the *Hunters*, who have  
' our full licence and permission to enter into  
' any part of the town where-ever their game  
' shall lead them.

' And whereas we have nothing more at our  
' imperial heart than the reformation of the  
' cities of *London* and *Westminster*, which to  
' our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some  
' measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly  
' pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, house-  
' keepers and masters of families, in either of  
' the aforesaid cities, not only to repair them-  
' selves to their respective habitations at early  
' and seasonable hours; but also to keep their  
' wives and daughters, sons, servants, and ap-  
' prentices, from appearing in the streets at  
VOL. V. M those

‘ those times and seasons which may expose  
 ‘ them to a military discipline, as it is practised  
 ‘ by our good subjects the *Mobocs*: and we do  
 ‘ further promise, on our imperial word, that  
 ‘ as soon as the reformation aforefaid shall be  
 ‘ brought about, we will forthwith cause all  
 ‘ hostilities to cease.

Given from our Court at the *Devil-*  
*Tavern, March 15, 1712.*

X

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N<sup>o</sup> 348 Wednesday, April 9.

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*Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?*

Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 2. v. 13.

To shun detraction, wouldst thou virtue fly?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **I** HAVE not seen you lately at any of the  
 ‘ places where I visit, so that I am afraid  
 ‘ you are wholly unacquainted with what passes  
 ‘ among my part of the world, who are, though  
 ‘ I say it, without controversy, the most ac-  
 ‘ complished and best bred of the town. Give  
 ‘ me leave to tell you that I am extremely  
 ‘ discomposed when I hear scandal, and am  
 ‘ an utter enemy to all manner of Detraction,  
 ‘ and think it the greatest meanness that people  
 ‘ of distinction can be guilty of: However it is  
 ‘ hardly possible to come into company, where  
 ‘ you

you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies and impertinencies, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise-worthy, is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the Sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice, with equal impotence. *Jack Triplett* came into my Lady *Airy's* about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. *Triplett* came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap until my Lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, *Jack Triplett* came in, and singing (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature,"—he went

' on, " It is a most unreasonable thing that  
 " people cannot go peaceably to see their  
 " friends, but these murderers are let loose.  
 " Such a shape! Such an Air! What a glance  
 " was that as her chariot passed by mine"—  
 ' The Lady herself interrupted him; ' Pray who  
 " is this fine thing"—" I warrant, says another,  
 " it is the creature I was telling your ladyship  
 " of just now." "You were telling of?" says  
 " Jack; I wish I had been so happy as to  
 " have come in and heard you, for I have not  
 " words to say what she is: But if an agreea-  
 " ble height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and  
 " impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of  
 " ten thousand charms"—the whole room flew  
 ' out—oh, Mr. *Triplett*!—When Mrs. *Lofty*,  
 ' a known prude, said she believed she knew  
 ' whom the Gentleman meant; but she was  
 ' indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient  
 ' of being beheld——then turning to the Lady  
 ' next to her—" The most unbred creature  
 " you ever saw," another pursued the discourse:  
 ' As unbred, Madam, as you may think her,  
 ' she is extremely belyed if she is the novice  
 ' she appears; she was last Week at a ball  
 ' until two in the morning; " Mr. *Triplett*  
 " knows whether he was the happy man that  
 " took care of her home; but"—this was  
 ' followed by some particular exception that each  
 ' woman in the room made to some peculiar  
 ' grace or advantage; so that Mr. *Triplett* was  
 ' beaten from one limb and feature to another;  
 ' until he was forced to resign the whole wo-  
 ' man.



man. In the end, I took notice *Triplett* recorded all his malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to commend a certain Gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. *Triplett*, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind: He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine Gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. *Triplett* took occasion to give the Gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: After all he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world, and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed

‘perfections. I am confident a thousand young  
‘people, who would have been ornaments to  
‘society, have, from fear of scandal, never  
‘dared to exert themselves in the polite arts  
‘of life. Their lives have passed away in an  
‘odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of  
‘person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious  
‘terror of being blamed in some well inclined  
‘people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing  
‘them in others; both which I recommend  
‘to your Spectatorial wisdom to animadvert  
‘upon; and if you can be successful in it, I  
‘need not say how much you will deserve of  
‘the town; but new toasts will owe to you  
‘their beauty, and new Wits their fame. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

T

Mary.



Thursday,

N<sup>o</sup> 349 Thursday, April 10.——— *Quos ille timorum**Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi**In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces**Mortis* ——

Lucan. lib. I. v. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,  
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!  
 Hence they no cares for this frail Being feel,  
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,  
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn  
 To spare that life, which must so soon return.

R O W E.

**I** AM very much pleased with a consolatory Letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the best of my memory, as follows; that he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: That while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise until his head is laid

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in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration, that *Epa-minondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, saith he, before that question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. *Monfieur de St. Evremond* is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of



mind and resolution than in the death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite Author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflexion. It was *Petronius's* merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious Author abovementioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman *Sir Thomas More*.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a Martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last: He maintained the same chearfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to shew at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good-humour with which he had always entertained his

his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper, on such an occasion as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Mens natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the chearfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this Paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this instance in the *History of the Revolutions in Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared

prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corps was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture. L.

Friday,

N<sup>o</sup> 350 Friday, April 11.

*Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitiâ vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.* Tull.

That courage and intrepidity of mind, which distinguishes itself in dangers, if it is void of all regard to justice, and supports a man only in the pursuit of his own interest, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the Club, and produced a Letter from *Ipswich*, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an account of an engagement between a *French* privateer commanded by one *Dominic Pottiere*, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Englishman* defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, until at last the *Englishman* finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: But the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the Captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the *Ipswich* man in a speaking-trumpet, that

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he



he would not take him aboard, and that he  
staid to see him sink. The *Englishman* at the  
same time observed a disorder in the vessel,  
which he rightly judged to proceed from the dis-  
dain which the ship's crew had of their Captain's  
inhumanity: With this hope he went into his  
boat, and approached the enemy. He was  
taken in by the sailors in spite of their com-  
mander; but though they received him against  
his command, they treated him when he was  
in the ship in the manner he directed. *Pot-  
tiere* caused his men to hold *Goodwin*, while  
he beat him with a stick until he fainted with  
loss of blood, and rage of heart; after which  
he ordered him into irons, without allowing  
him any food, but such as one or two of the  
men stole to him under peril of the like  
usage: After having kept him several days  
overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger,  
and foreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The  
Governor of the place was soon acquainted with  
all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his  
charge with ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the  
relief which a man of honour would bestow upon  
an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the im-  
putation of cruelty upon his Prince and country.

When Mr. SENTRY had read his Letter, full  
of many other circumstances which aggravate  
the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon  
magnanimity and courage, and argued that  
they were inseparable; and that courage, with-  
out regard to justice and humanity, was no  
other than the fierceness of a wild beast. A  
good

good and truly bold spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by reason and a sense of honour and duty; the affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an over-bearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and in the eyes of little people appears sprightly and agreeable; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of Genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour, is supported in that deportment by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine: To dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer, we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality

exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant. The Captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a *French* Author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTRY, a Critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My Author, added he, in his discourse upon Epic Poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of Courage drawn in the two different characters of *Turnus* and *Æneas*: He makes Courage the chief and greatest ornament of *Turnus*; but in *Æneas* there are many others which outshine it, amongst the rest that of Piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour; *Æneas* speaks little, is slow to action, and shews only a sort of defensive Courage. If equipage and address make *Turnus* appear more courageous than *Æneas*,

*Æneas*, conduct and success prove *Æneas* more valiant than *Turnus*.

N<sup>o</sup> 351 Saturday, April 12.

—In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.

Virg. *Æn.* 12. v. 59.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

IF we look into the three great Heroic Poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. *Homer* lived near three hundred years after the *Trojan* war; and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable adventures, as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of *Æneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans* of *Æneas's* voyage and settlement in *Italy*.

The



The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in *Dionysius Halicarnassæus*.

Since none of the Critics have considered *Virgil's Fable*, with relation to this history of *Æneas*; it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of *Æneas* is filled with piety to the Gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this character in the person of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The Poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third book, namely, that, before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of *Æneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above-mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Æneas*, that he should take his voyage westward, until his companions

VOL. V. N should

should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, 'We are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the Historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an Heroic Poem. The Prophetess, who foretels it, is an hungry *Harpy*, as the person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.

*Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!*

*Æn. 7. v. 116.*

See, we devour the plates, on which we fed.

DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several Critics, may be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further con-

firms

firms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *Æneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the same Metamorphosis in his account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Critics I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable; I hope the length of this reflexion will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history, which was the basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his Fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that *Adam* followed her example. From these few particulars, *Milton* has formed one of the most entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the

Fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more Story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to *Paradise*; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of *Homer*, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first Parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The Serpent; him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.



The Author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine Poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature: He represents the earth, before it was cursed as a great Altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their morning-worship, and filling up the universal consort of praise and adoration.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
In *Eden* on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd  
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
Of creatures wanting voice—— —

The dispute, which follows between our two first Parents, is represented with great art: It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed, with reason, not with heat: It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the Father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, shews itself here in many fine instances; As in

those fond Regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay:  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

In his impatience and amusement during her absence:

————— *Adam* the while,  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown:  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

————— — Some cursed fraud  
 Or enemy hath beguil'd thee! yet unknown;  
 And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die!  
 How can I live without thee! how forego  
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn!  
 Should God create another *Eve*, and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel  
 The link of nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
 Bone

Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my Paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem, which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude.

————— Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire  
Compact of unctious vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,

N 4

(Which

(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends)  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far.

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When *Dido*, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the mountain-tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden fruit.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluckt, she eat.  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe  
 That all was lost———

Upon *Adam's* falling into the same guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in convulsions.

——— He scrupled not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.

Earth



Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;  
 Sky lowr'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at compleating of the mortal sin ;

As all Nature suffered by the guilt of our first  
 Parents, these symptoms of trouble and con-  
 sternation are wonderfully imagined, not only  
 as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing  
 in the Fall of Man.

*Adam's* converse with *Eve*, after having eaten  
 the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that  
 between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*.  
*Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the girdle  
 which she had received from *Venus* ; upon which  
 he tells her, that she appeared more charming  
 and desirable than she had ever done before,  
 even when their loves were at the highest.  
 The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing  
 on a summit of mount *Ida*, which produced  
 under them a bed of flowers, the *Lotos*, the  
*Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth* ; and concludes his  
 description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following  
 passage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam's*  
 speech to *Eve*.

For never did thy beauty, since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree !  
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of *Eve*, whose eye darted contagious fire.

Her

Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank  
 Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
 He led her nothing loth; flow'rs were the couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
 And Hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love, and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them——

As no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet, but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shewn in the same light with several of the same nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.



Monday,

N<sup>o</sup> 352 Monday, April 14.

—*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expendenda est, aut certè omni pondere gravior est habenda quàm reliqua omnia.* Tull.

If virtue be the end of our Being, it must either engross our whole concern, or at least take place of all our other interests.

**W**ILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine Gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. WILL takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrists or Moralists in any age: Men, said he, grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before. If you read the Tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now WILL observes that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five and twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that until about the latter end of King Charles's

*Charles's* reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty: In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving mens fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride, that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

‘ Truth and reality have all the advantages  
 ‘ of appearance and many more. If the shew  
 ‘ of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure  
 ‘ Sincerity is better: For why does any man  
 ‘ dissemble, or seem to be that which he is  
 ‘ not, but because he thinks it good to have  
 ‘ such



such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit or dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

‘ It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body’s satisfaction; so that upon all accounts Sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit  
‘ and

‘ and cunning do continually grow weaker and  
‘ less effectual and serviceable to them that use  
‘ them; whereas integrity gains strength by use,  
‘ and the more and longer any man practiseth  
‘ it, the greater service it does him, by con-  
‘ firming his reputation and encouraging those  
‘ with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest  
‘ trust and confidence in him, which is an un-  
‘ speakable advantage in the business and affairs  
‘ of life.

‘ Truth is always consistent with itself, and  
‘ needs nothing to help it out; it is always near  
‘ at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready  
‘ to drop out before we are aware; whereas a  
‘ Lye is troublesome, and sets a man’s invention  
‘ upon the rack, and one trick needs a great  
‘ many more to make it good. It is like build-  
‘ ing upon a false foundation, which continually  
‘ stands in need of props to shore it up, and  
‘ proves at last more chargeable, than to have  
‘ raised a substantial building at first upon a true  
‘ and solid foundation; for Sincerity is firm and  
‘ substantial, and there is nothing hollow and  
‘ unsound in it, and because it is plain and open,  
‘ fears no discovery; of which the crafty man  
‘ is always in danger, and when he thinks he  
‘ walks in the dark, all his pretences are so  
‘ transparent that he that runs may read them;  
‘ he is the last man that finds himself to be  
‘ found out, and whilst he takes it for granted  
‘ that he makes fools of others, he renders  
‘ himself ridiculous.

‘ Add

‘ Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many enquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniences may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

‘ And I have often thought that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of Truth and Integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect: they cannot see so far as to the remotest consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern

‘ discern this, they would be honest out of very  
‘ knavery, not out of any love to honesty and  
‘ virtue, but with a crafty design to promote  
‘ and advance more effectually their own in-  
‘ terests; and therefore the justice of the Divine  
‘ Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom  
‘ from their eyes, that bad men might not be  
‘ upon equal terms with the just and upright,  
‘ and serve their own wicked designs by honest  
‘ and lawful means.

‘ Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the  
‘ world for a day, and should never have oc-  
‘ casion to converse more with mankind, never  
‘ more need their good opinion or good word,  
‘ it were then no great matter (speaking as to  
‘ the concernments of this world) if a man spent  
‘ his reputation all at once, and ventured it at  
‘ one throw: But if he be to continue in the  
‘ world, and would have the advantage of con-  
‘ versation whilst he is in it, let him make use  
‘ of Truth and Sincerity in all his words and  
‘ actions; for nothing but this will last and hold  
‘ out to the end: all other arts will fail, but  
‘ Truth and Integrity will carry a man through,  
‘ and bear him out to the last.’ T



Tuesday,



N<sup>o</sup> 353 Tuesday, April 15.*In tenui labor—*

Virg. Georg. 4. v. 6.

Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE Gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular with his thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following Letter.

S I R,

I Take the liberty to send you a fourth Letter upon the Education of Youth: In my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue: I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

The design of Learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure, or if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to Learning with the first of these views may be said to study for ornament,

' as he who proposes to himself the second,  
 ' properly studies for use. The one does it to  
 ' raise himself a fortune, the other to set off  
 ' that which he is already possessed of. But  
 ' as the far greater part of mankind are in-  
 ' cluded in the latter class, I shall only pro-  
 ' pose some methods at present for the service  
 ' of such who expect to advance themselves in  
 ' the world by their Learning: In order to which,  
 ' I shall premise, that many more estates have  
 ' been acquired by little accomplishments than  
 ' by extraordinary ones; those qualities which  
 ' make the greatest figure in the eye of the  
 ' world, not being always the most useful in  
 ' themselves, or the most advantageous to their  
 ' owners.

' The posts which require men of shining  
 ' and uncommon parts to discharge them, are  
 ' so very few, that many a great Genius goes  
 ' out of the world without ever having had an  
 ' opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of  
 ' ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted  
 ' to their parts and capacities every day in the  
 ' common occurrences of life.

' I am acquainted with two persons who  
 ' were formerly school-fellows, and have been  
 ' good friends ever since. One of them was  
 ' not only thought an impenetrable blockhead  
 ' at school, but still maintained his reputation  
 ' at the University; the other was the pride of  
 ' his master, and the most celebrated person in  
 ' the college of which he was a member.  
 ' The man of genius is at present buried in

a country Parsonage of eightscore pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common Scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

' I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy Citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great Genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the Education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

' The fault therefore of our Grammar schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas, it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

' Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a Minister of State, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a Clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the West of *England*, by setting a country Gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

' While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars: I mean the writing of *English* Letters. To

' this end, instead of perplexing them with  
 ' *Latin* Epistles, Themes and Verses, there  
 ' might be a punctual correspondence established  
 ' between two boys, who might act in any ima-  
 ' ginary parts of business, or be allowed some-  
 ' times to give a range to their own fancies,  
 ' and communicate to each other whatever trifles  
 ' they thought fit, provided neither of them  
 ' ever failed at the appointed time to answer  
 ' his correspondent's Letter.

' I believe I may venture to affirm, that the  
 ' generality of boys would find themselves more  
 ' advantaged by this custom, when they come  
 ' to be men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin*  
 ' their masters can teach them in seven or  
 ' eight years.

' The want of it is very visible in many  
 ' learned persons, who, while they are admiring  
 ' the styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want phrases  
 ' to express themselves on the most common  
 ' occasions. I have seen a Letter from one of  
 ' these *Latin* Orators, which would have been  
 ' deservedly laughed at by a common Attorney.

' Under this head of writing I cannot omit  
 ' accounts and short-hand, which are learned  
 ' with little pains, and very properly come into  
 ' the number of such arts as I have been here  
 ' recommending.

' You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I  
 ' have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things  
 ' for such boys as do not appear to have any  
 ' thing extraordinary in their natural talents,  
 ' and consequently are not qualified for the finer  
 ' parts



parts of Learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

‘ History is full of examples of persons, who,  
‘ though they have had the largest abilities,  
‘ have been obliged to insinuate themselves  
‘ into the favour of great men by these trivial  
‘ accomplishments; as the complete Gentleman  
‘ in some of our modern Comedies, makes his  
‘ first advances to his mistress under the disguise  
‘ of a Painter, or a Dancing-master.

‘ The difference is, that in a lad of genius  
‘ these are only so many accomplishments, which  
‘ in another are essentials; the one diverts him-  
‘ self with them, the other works at them.  
‘ In short, I look upon a great Genius, with  
‘ these little additions, in the same light as I  
‘ regard the Grand Seignior, who is obliged, by  
‘ an express command in the Alcoran, to learn  
‘ and practise some handicraft trade. Though  
‘ I need not to have gone for my instance farther  
‘ than *Germany*, where several Emperors have  
‘ voluntarily done the same thing. *Leopold* the  
‘ last worked in wood; and I have heard there  
‘ are several handicraft works of his making to  
‘ be seen at *Vienna* so neatly turned, that the best  
‘ Joiner in *Europe* might safely own them with-  
‘ out any disgrace to his profession.

‘ I would not be thought, by any thing I  
have said, to be against improving a boy’s  
O 3 ‘ genius

‘ genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried.  
 ‘ What I would endeavour to shew in this  
 ‘ Essay, is, that there may be methods taken  
 ‘ to make learning advantageous even to the  
 ‘ meanest capacities.

I am, Sir,

X

Yours, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> 354 Wednesday, April 16.

————— *Cum magnis virtutibus affers*  
*Grande supercilium* —————

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 168.

We own thy virtues ; but we blame beside  
 Thy mind elate with insolence and pride.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**OU have in some of your discourses  
 ‘ described most sorts of women in their  
 ‘ distinct and proper classes, as the Ape, the  
 ‘ Coquette, and many others ; but I think you  
 ‘ have never yet said any thing of a Devotee.  
 ‘ A Devotee is one of those who disparage Re-  
 ‘ ligion by their indiscreet and unseasonable in-  
 ‘ troduction of the mention of virtue on all  
 ‘ occasions : She professes she is what no body  
 ‘ ought to doubt she is ; and betrays the labour  
 ‘ she is put to, to be what she ought to be  
 ‘ with chearfulness and alacrity. She lives in  
 ‘ the world, and denies herself none of the  
 ‘ diver-

diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young Ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says all love is ridiculous except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another, with too much bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to Heaven and cry, what nonsense is that fool talking? will the bell never ring for prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous Ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country Squires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty weather. Thus she described the diversion; for she

' went only to pray heartily that no body  
 ' might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if  
 ' the poor fellow's face, which was distorted  
 ' with grinning, might any way be brought  
 ' to itself again. She never chats over her  
 ' tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an  
 ' ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This  
 ' ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to  
 ' true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes  
 ' virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous.  
 ' The Sacred Writings are full of reflexions  
 ' which abhor this kind of conduct; and a  
 ' Devotee is so far from promoting goodness,  
 ' that she deters others by her example. Folly  
 ' and vanity in one of these Ladies, is like  
 ' vice in a Clergyman; it does not only debase  
 ' him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the  
 ' world think the worse of religion.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

*Hotspur.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' **X** *Enophon*, in his short account of the *Spartan*  
 ' Commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour  
 ' of their young men in the streets, says, there  
 ' was so much modesty in their looks, that you  
 ' might as soon have turned the eyes of a  
 ' marble statue upon you, as theirs; and that  
 ' in all their behaviour they were more modest  
 ' than a bride when put to bed upon her  
 ' wedding-



wedding-night: This virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

‘ Whenever I walk into the streets of *London* and *Westminster*, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me, make me wish myself in *Sparta*: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that to a superficial observer would bespeak a courage above those *Grecians*. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the odness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The Apprentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the Porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country Gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from  
‘ his

' load, and sily twirl the cock of a Squire's hat  
 ' behind him; while the offended person is  
 ' swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-  
 ' wits in the high-way are grinning in applause  
 ' of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip,  
 ' and the folly of him who had not eyes all  
 ' round his head to prevent receiving it. These  
 ' things arise from a general affectation of smart-  
 ' ness, wit, and courage. *Wycherley* somewhere  
 ' rallies the pretensions this way, by making a  
 ' fellow say, "red breeches are a certain sign  
 ' of valour;" and *Otway* makes a man, to boast  
 ' his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From  
 ' such hints I beg a Speculation on this subject;  
 ' in the mean time I shall do all in the power of  
 ' a weak old fellow in my own defence: for  
 ' as *Diogenes*, being in quest of an honest man,  
 ' fought for him when it was broad day-light  
 ' with a lanthorn and candle, so I intend for  
 ' the future to walk the streets with a dark  
 ' lanthorn, which has a convex crystal in it;  
 ' and if any man stares at me, I give fair warn-  
 ' ing that I will direct the light full into his  
 ' eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest,  
 ' I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T

*Sophrosunius.*

Thursday,

N<sup>o</sup> 355 Thursday, April 17.*Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam.*

Ovid. Trist. l. 2. v. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipt my invenom'd pen,  
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I Have been very often tempted to write In-  
vectives upon those who have detracted from  
my works, or spoken in derogation of my per-  
son; but I look upon it as a particular happiness,  
that I have always hindered my resentments from  
proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone  
through half a Satire, but found so many mo-  
tions of humanity rising in me towards the per-  
sons whom I had severely treated, that I threw  
it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have  
been angry enough to make several little Epi-  
grams and Lampoons; and after having admired  
them a day or two, have likewise committed  
them to the flames. These I look upon as  
so many sacrifices to humanity, and have re-  
ceived much greater satisfaction from the sup-  
pressing such performances, than I could have  
done from any reputation they might have pro-  
cured me, or from any mortification they might  
have given my enemies, in case I had made them  
public. If a man has any talent in writing, it  
shews

shews a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered: But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in *Epietetus*, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true; if they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary Being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease: His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.



I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole Invective be grounded upon a falshood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an Author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur *Balzac*, in a letter to the Chancellor of *France*, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that Author. ' If it was a new thing, it may  
' be I should not be displeased with the sup-  
' pression of the first Libel that should abuse  
' me; but since there are enough of them to  
' make a small library, I am secretly pleased to  
' see the number increased, and take delight in  
' raising

‘ raising a heap of stones that envy has cast  
 ‘ me without doing me any harm.’

The Author here alludes to those monuments of the Eastern nations, which were mounted of stones raised upon the dead body by travellers that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire the Author for such a temper of mind as enabled him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this Paper, and to shew the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the Public, had it been filled with personal reflexions and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of Scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the Fable of *Boccalini's* Traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This,  
 says

ays the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. L

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N<sup>o</sup> 356 Friday, April 18.

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— *Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii,  
Charior est illis homo quàm sibi* —

Juv. Sat. 10, v. 349.

— — — The Gods will grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:  
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;  
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!

DRYDEN.

**I**T is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their Being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflexions go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness, to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory.

glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or another Being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenour of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions until after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society: Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.



When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer? When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aking sorrows.

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: They could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him until they were almost as faint and helpless

as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, chearful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred Story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of Divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches and pomp; for *Peter*, upon an accident of ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee.' For which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of Man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his public entry into *Jerusalem* with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly:

with an unfelt new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of *David*, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not enobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the Hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred Temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he, for a time, use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand, that it was not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit on the throne of *David*? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his Disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would

not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world, to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

‘ But what heart can conceive, what tongue  
 ‘ utter the sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted,  
 ‘ mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag  
 ‘ like a felon? Whither do they carry my  
 ‘ Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God?  
 ‘ And will he die to expiate those very injuries?  
 ‘ See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver  
 ‘ of life! How his wounds blacken, his body  
 ‘ writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with  
 ‘ agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down,  
 ‘ look down from thy triumphant infamy: Lo  
 ‘ he inclines his head to his sacred bosom!  
 ‘ Hark, he groans! see, he expires! The earth  
 ‘ trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst,  
 ‘ the dead arise: Which are the quick? Which  
 ‘ are the dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is de-  
 ‘ parting with her Creator.’ T



Saturday.



N<sup>o</sup> 357 Saturday, April 19.

Quis talia fando  
 Temperet à lachrymis? — Virg. Æn. 2. v. 6.

Who can relate such woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his action introduces all those who had any concern in it; and shews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well-written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Human, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the Celestial Persons: The guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner,

are very finely laid together in the following lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For man; for of his state by this they knew:  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare  
 That time Celestial visages; yet mixt  
 With pity, violated not their bliss.  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 Th' Æthereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befel: They tow'rd the throne supreme  
 Accountable made haste, to make appear,  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd; when the most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the rebel Angels, and created the World, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three Offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words, in which the three several sentences were pass'd upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which

which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first Parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of sin and death into the works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

See! with what heat these dogs of Hell advance,  
To waste and havock yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created; &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of Angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunders, or of many waters.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,  
Who can extenuate thee?—

Though the Author in the whole course of his Poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of the Fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of Nature, he adds,

———Behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse———

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. ‘ And I looked and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was *Death*, and *Hell* followed with him : and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.’ Under this first head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the Angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and fully the beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and in short, perverting the whole frame of the Universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the Poem, the following lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

Some



Some say he bid his Angels turn ascance  
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the centric globe——

We are in the second place to consider the Infernal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of *Virgil's* plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. *Asia*, *Afric*, and *Europe* are the several scenes of his Fable. The plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his voyage through the Chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen Angels, is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that Poet's works.

*Milton*

*Milton* never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the dimensions and bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth Paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human Persons, come next under our consideration. *Milton's* art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first Parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though *Adam* involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for *Eve*, that ruined *Adam*, and his posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justified in this particular by many of the Fathers, and the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of writing which the *French* Critics call the *Tender*, and which is in

a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

*Adam* and *Eve*, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several changes in nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence.

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me? or here place  
In this delicious garden? As my will  
Concurr'd not to my Being, 'twere but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I receiv'd—

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

— — — — — Why delays  
His hand to execute, what his decree  
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth

Insensible!

Insensible! how glad would lay me down,  
 As in my mother's lap! there should I rest  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse  
 To me and to my offspring, would torment me  
 With cruel expectation——

This whole speech is full of the like emotion,  
 and varied with all those sentiments which  
 we may suppose natural to a mind so broken  
 and disturbed. I must not omit that generous  
 concern which our first Father shews in it for  
 his posterity, and which is so proper to affect  
 the reader.

——— Hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
 The misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, 'increase and multiply;'  
 Now death to hear! ———

——— In me all  
 Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony,  
 That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave you none!  
 So disinherited, how would you bless  
 Me now your curse! Ah why should all mankind,  
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed  
 But all corrupt? ———

Who can afterwards behold the Father of  
 mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his  
 midnight



midnight complaints, bewailing his existence,  
and wishing for death, without sympathizing  
with him in his distress?

Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud,  
Through the still night; not now (as ere man fell)  
Wholsom, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom;  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and oft  
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy execution — —

The part of *Eve* in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic.

He added not, and from her turn'd: But *Eve*  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and embracing them besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*! Witness Heav'n  
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant

I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not  
 (Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
 While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
 Between us two let there be peace, &c.

*Adam's* reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the Mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this thought, and *Adam* as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary Persons, or *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as

part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader, who knows the strength of the *English* tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary Persons, and particularly in that part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a bridge over the Chaos; a work suitable to the genius of *Milton*.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary Persons as may be introduced into Heroic Poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the Critics have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shewn, without being engaged in any series of action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider that though we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such allegorical Persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us, that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the

the Persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his recompense, he tells us, that the *Hours* brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which *Minerva's* *Aegis* produced in battle, he tells us, that the brims of it were encompassed by *Terror*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Massacre*, and *Death*. In the same figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the Mother of funerals and mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing *Terror* and *Consternation* like a garment. I might give several other instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the rebel Angels; that at the rising of the sun, the *Hours* unbarred the gates of light; that *Discord* was the daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those expressions, where describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, '*Silence* was pleased;' and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the Chaos, '*Confusion* heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and enter-



entertaining manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, who represented those two persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest Critics. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the *Pestilence*.' It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right hand, *Phrenzy* on her left, and *Death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning; She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination. L

VOL. V.

Q

Monday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 358 Monday, April 21.

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— — — *Desipere in loco.*

Hor. Od. 12. l. 4. v. ult.

'Tis wisdom's part sometimes to play the fool.

CHARLES Lilly attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in mosaic work, lately discovered at *Stunfield* near *Woodstock*. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember, he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient Authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were generally passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the chearful looks of well chosen and agreeable

able friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheared with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine; suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good-humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in the company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, overrating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the aukward gaiety of those who affect the Frolic with an ill grace? I have a Letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man who knows what rule and decency

are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world know they know better: To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the Frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a Cobler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and ran into the streets, and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in *Covent-Garden*, but can tell you a hundred good-humours, where people have come off with little bloodshed, and yet scowred all the witty hours of the night. I know a Gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jest: He is very old for a man of so much good-humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the favour of these Gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The



The writers of Plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their actions to the place of meeting: For a Frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly Frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced fallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel-gaiety of a company, is *Eastcourt*, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient Pantomime, who is said to have

given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all, who have been obliged to these talents in *Eastcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a Play which no body would omit seeing, that had, or had not ever seen it before.

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N<sup>o</sup> 359 Tuesday, April 22,

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*Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;  
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

Virg. Ecl. 6. v. 63.

The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,  
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browze.

DRYDEN.

AS we were at the Club last night, I observed my old friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say, to himself, 'A foolish woman, I cannot believe it.' Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder,

shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir ANDREW that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the fulness of his heart that he had just received a letter from his Steward, which acquainted him that his old rival, and antagonist in the country, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a visit to the widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she will have a man that is half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in *Great Britain*, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. I am now, says he, upon the verge of fifty, (though by the way we all knew that he was turned of threescore.) You may easily guess, continued WILL, that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have

several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

I made my first addresses to a young Lady in the country; but when I thought things pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next application to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Lion's-Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few months after I addressed myself to a young Lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss *Jenny* was that very morning run away with the Butler.



I then courted a second Widow, and am at  
 loss to this day how I came to miss her,  
 for she had often commended my person and  
 behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day,  
 that her mistress had said she never saw a Gen-  
 tleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr.  
 HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid siege to four Heiresses suc-  
 cessively, and being a handsome young dog in  
 those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts;  
 but I do not know how it came to pass, though  
 I seldom failed of getting the daughters consent,  
 I could never in my life get the old people  
 on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand  
 other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one  
 which I made some years since upon an old  
 woman, whom I had certainly borne away with  
 flying colours, if her relations had not come  
 pouring in to her assistance from all parts of  
*England*; nay, I believe I should have got her  
 at last, had not she been carried off by a hard  
 frost.

As WILL's transitions are extremely quick,  
 he turned from Sir ROGER, and applying him-  
 self to me, told me there was a passage in the  
 book I had considered last *Saturday*, which de-  
 serve to be writ in letters of gold; and taking  
 out a pocket *Milton*, read the following lines,  
 which are part of one of *Adam's* speeches to  
*Eve* after the Fall,

—Oh!

——— Oh! why did God,  
 Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n  
 With Spirits masculine, create at last  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of Nature? and not fill the world at once  
 With men, as Angels, without feminine?  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
 And strait conjunction with this Sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate; but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
 Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse: or if she love, withheld  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir ROGER listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X



Wednesday,

N<sup>o</sup> 360 Wednesday, April 23.

—De paupertate tacentes

Plus poscente ferent

Hor. Epist. 17. l. I. v. 43.

The man that's silent, nor proclaims his want,  
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint.

CREECH,

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day, any farther than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the head of my Paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘THERE is an evil under the sun which has not yet come within your speculation, and is, the censure, disesteem, and contempt which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress, than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars: But the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks,

‘ is

' is so feelingly set forth in a little book called  
 ' the *Christian Hero*, that the appearing to be  
 ' otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary.  
 ' Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that  
 ' are made in contempt of a person that appears  
 ' to be calamitous, which makes it very ex-  
 ' cusable to prepare one's self for the company  
 ' of those that are of a superior quality and  
 ' fortune, by appearing to be in a better con-  
 ' dition than one is, so far as such appearance  
 ' shall not make us really of worse.

' It is a justice due to the character of one  
 ' who suffers hard reflexions from any particular  
 ' person on this account, that such persons would  
 ' inquire into his manner of spending his time;  
 ' of which, though no further information can  
 ' be had than that he remains so many hours  
 ' in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to ima-  
 ' gine that a reasonable creature wrung with  
 ' a narrow fortune does not make the best use  
 ' of this retirement, would be a conclusion ex-  
 ' tremely uncharitable. From what has, or  
 ' will be said, I hope no consequence can be ex-  
 ' torted, implying, that I would have any young  
 ' fellow spend more time than the common  
 ' leisure which his studies require, or more  
 ' money than his fortune or allowance may  
 ' admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance  
 ' with his betters: For as to his time, the  
 ' gross of that ought to be sacred to more sub-  
 ' stantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable mo-  
 ' ment of which he ought to believe he stands  
 ' religiously accountable. And as to his dress,



I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year : For, being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus's* contrivance of making a *Moboc* of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense dressed like a Gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him ; his parts and learning very few are judges of ; and even upon these few, they cannot at first be well intruded ; for policy and good-breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

All Gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities  
of

‘ of the hat to a person whose air and attire  
‘ hardly intitle him to it? For whom never-  
‘ theless the other has a particular esteem, though  
‘ he is ashamed to have it challenged in so  
‘ public a manner. It must be allowed, that  
‘ any young fellow that affects to dress and  
‘ appear genteelly, might with artificial manage-  
‘ ment save ten pounds a year; as instead of  
‘ fine holland he might mourn in sackcloth,  
‘ and in other particulars be proportionably  
‘ shabby: But of what service would this sum  
‘ be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would  
‘ leave him deserted by the little good acquaint-  
‘ ance he has, and prevent his gaining any  
‘ other? As the appearance of an easy fortune  
‘ is necessary towards making one, I do not  
‘ know but it might be of advantage sometimes  
‘ to throw into one’s discourse certain excla-  
‘ mations upon Bank-Stock, and to shew a mar-  
‘ vellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the  
‘ most affected triumph upon its rise. The  
‘ veneration and respect which the practice of  
‘ all ages has preserved to appearances, with-  
‘ out doubt suggested to our Tradesmen that  
‘ wise and politic custom, to apply and recom-  
‘ mend themselves to the public by all those  
‘ decorations upon their sign-posts and houses,  
‘ which the most eminent hands in the neigh-  
‘ bourhood can furnish them with. What can  
‘ be more attractive to a man of letters, than  
‘ that immense erudition of all ages and lan-  
‘ guages, which a skilful Bookseller, in con-  
‘ junction with a Painter, shall image upon  
‘ his

his column and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsom appearance reigns among the grave and solid Apprentices of the Law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word Apprentice to be significant of a Barrister) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window: If indeed the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of Dress, than that burdensom finery which is the regular habit of our Judges, Nobles, and Bishops, with which upon certain days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being "very well dressed persons." As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics from the University; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed stile and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics.

' Not-

' Notwithstanding which, I am what *Shakespeare*  
 ' calls " a fellow of no mark or likelihood ;"  
 ' which makes me understand the more fully  
 ' that since the regular methods of making  
 ' friends and a fortune by the mere force of  
 ' a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a  
 ' man should take all reasonable opportunities,  
 ' by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court  
 ' that time and chance which is said to happen  
 ' to every man.

N<sup>o</sup> 361 Thursday, April 24.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omnis*  
*Contremuit domus — —* Virg. *Æn.* 7. v. 514.

The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around ;  
 The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

**I** HAVE lately received the following Letter  
 from a country Gentleman.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' **T**HE night before I left *London* I went to  
 ' see a Play, called *The Humourous Lieu-*  
 ' *tenant*. Upon the rising of the curtain I was  
 ' very much surpris'd with the great consort of  
 ' Cat-calls which was exhibited that evening ;  
 ' and began to think with myself that I had  
 ' made a mistake, and gone to a Music-meeting  
 ' instead



instead of the Play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many persons of Quality of both Sexes assembled together at a kind of caterwawling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the Musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument which I found the company called a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an *English* fiddle: though I durst not shew my dislike whilst I was in the Play-house, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate

friend and servant,

*John Shallow, Esq;*

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow's* request, I design this Paper as a dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that

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the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind-instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another Virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the statue of a *Momus*, who holds an instrument in his right-hand very much resembling our modern Cat-call.

There

There are others who ascribe this invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain, that the roosting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a piece of *English* music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our *British* songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable over-grown Cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The Cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient Chorus, in the words of Mr.\*\*\* In short, a

bad Poet has as great an antipathy to a Cat-call, as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Essay upon Music, has the following passage :

‘ I believe it is possible to invent an Instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use: An Instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair, and cowardise and consternation, at a surprizing rate. It is probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and scritch-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.’

What this learned Gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The Cat-call has struck a damp into Generals, and frightened Heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a Princess fall into fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry Lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years,



years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his base and his treble Cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragicomedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the Cat-call. L



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N<sup>o</sup> 362 Friday, April 25.

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*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus*—

Hor. Ep. 19. l. i. v. 6.

The man, who praises drinking, stands from thence  
Convict a sot on his own evidence.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Temple, Apr. 24.

SEveral of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to *Brooke* and *Hellier*. In gratitude therefore to those good cittzens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in over-looking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a SPECTATOR can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march

he

' he would look into the itinerants who deal  
 ' in provisions, and inquire where they buy their  
 ' several wares. Ever since the decease of *Cully-*  
 ' *Mully-Puff* of agreeable and noisy memory,  
 ' I cannot say I have observed any thing sold  
 ' in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or in fine,  
 ' in any moving market, which is not perished  
 ' or putrified; witness the wheel-barrow of  
 ' rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants,  
 ' which you see vended by a Merchant dressed  
 ' in a second-hand suit of a foot-soldier. You  
 ' should consider that a child may be poisoned  
 ' for the worth of a farthing; but except his  
 ' poor parents send to one certain doctor in town,  
 ' they can have no advice for him under a  
 ' guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and  
 ' medicines thus dear, how can you be neg-  
 ' ligent in inspecting what we eat and drink,  
 ' or take no notice of such as the above-men-  
 ' tioned citizens, who have been so serviceable  
 ' to us of late in that particular? It was a cus-  
 ' tom among the old *Romans*, to do him par-  
 ' ticular honours who had saved the life of a  
 ' citizen; how much more does the world owe  
 ' to those who prevent the death of multitudes?  
 ' As these men deserve well of your office, so  
 ' such as act to the detriment of our health,  
 ' you ought to represent to themselves and their  
 ' fellow-subjects in the colours which they de-  
 ' serve to wear. I think it would be for the  
 ' public good, that all who vend wines should  
 ' be under oaths in that behalf. The chairman

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' at

‘ at a quarter sessions should inform the country,  
‘ that the vintner, who mixes wine to his cus-  
‘ tomers, shall (upon proof that the drinker  
‘ thereof died within a year and a day after  
‘ taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder,  
‘ and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and  
‘ present such delinquents accordingly. It is no  
‘ mitigation of the crime, nor will it be con-  
‘ ceived that it can be brought in chance-medley  
‘ or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall ap-  
‘ pear wine joined to wine, or right *Hereford-*  
‘ *shire* poured into *Port O Port*; but his selling  
‘ it for one thing, knowing it to be another,  
‘ must justly bear the aforesaid guilt of wilful  
‘ murder: For that he, the said Vintner, did  
‘ an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture,  
‘ and is therefore with equity liable to all the  
‘ pains to which a man would be, if it were  
‘ proved he designed only to run a man through  
‘ the arm, whom he whipped through the lungs.  
‘ This is my third year at the *Temple*, and this  
‘ is or should be law. An ill intention well  
‘ proved should meet with no alleviation, because  
‘ it out-ran itself. There cannot be too great  
‘ severity used against the injustice as well as  
‘ cruelty of those who play with mens lives,  
‘ by preparing liquors, whose nature, for ought  
‘ they know, may be noxious when mixed,  
‘ though innocent when apart: And *Brooke* and  
‘ *Hellier*, who have insured our safety at our  
‘ meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in  
‘ conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of  
the



the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

*Tom Pottle.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

I Am a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent Lover, and passionate admirer

‘ of the beauteous *Belinda* : Then it was that  
‘ I really began to improve. This passion  
‘ changed all my fears and diffidences in my  
‘ general behaviour to the sole concern of  
‘ pleasing her. I had not now to study the  
‘ action of a Gentleman ; but love possessing  
‘ all my thoughts, made me truly be the  
‘ thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts  
‘ grew free and generous, and the ambition to  
‘ be agreeable to her I admired, produced in  
‘ my carriage a faint similitude of that dis-  
‘ engaged manner of my *Belinda*. The way  
‘ we are in at present is, that she sees my  
‘ passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking  
‘ of it through prudential regards. This re-  
‘ spect to her she returns with much civility,  
‘ and makes my value for her as little a mis-  
‘ fortune to me as is consistent with discretion.  
‘ She sings very charmingly, and is readier to  
‘ do so at my request, because she knows I love  
‘ her : She will dance with me rather than an-  
‘ other for the same reason. My fortune must  
‘ alter from what it is, before I can speak my  
‘ heart to her ; and her circumstances are not  
‘ considerable enough to make up for the nar-  
‘ rowness of mine. But I write to you now,  
‘ only to give you the character of *Belinda*,  
‘ as a woman that has address enough to de-  
‘ monstrate a gratitude to her Lover, without  
‘ giving him hopes of success in his passion.  
‘ *Belinda* has from a great wit, governed by  
‘ as great prudence, and both adorned with  
‘ innocence, the happiness of always being ready  
to

to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who are now her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you, I have neither jealousy nor hatred toward my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver: I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this Lady's character. If you will please to print my Letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Will. Cymon.*



Saturday,

N<sup>o</sup> 363 Saturday, April 26.

— — — *Crudelis ubique*

*Luclus, ubique pavor, & plurima Mortis imago.*

Virg. *Æn.* 2. v. 368.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,  
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.

DRYDEN.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions, which arise in our first Parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: To which the Poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers, on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence.

— They forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
Watering the ground——

There



There is a beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our *English* audience) desires that he may be conducted to mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the Author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in Holy Writ:  
' And another Angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all Saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne:  
' And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the Saints, ascended up before God.

————— To Heav'n their pray'rs  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
By their great Intercessor, came in fight  
Before the father's throne—————

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which  
is

is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel*, speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that ‘ every one had  
‘ four faces, and that their whole bodies, and  
‘ their backs, and their hands, and their wings,  
‘ were full of eyes round about.

—————The Cohort bright  
Of watchful Cherubim, four faces each  
Had, like a double *Janus*, all their shape  
Spangled with eyes—————

The assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him.

————— Yet lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg’d,  
For I behold them softned, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.

The conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed

passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The Poet to shew the like changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of Angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of Nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

—————Why in the east  
 Darkneſs ere day's mid courſe? and morning light  
 More orient in that weſtern cloud that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And ſlow deſcends with ſomething heav'nly fraught?  
 He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands  
 Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now  
 In Paraדיſe, and on a hill made halt;  
 A glorious apparition————

I need not obſerve how properly this Author, who always ſuits his parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the expulſion of our firſt parents from Paraדיſe.

The Archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of mankind before the Fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a Spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage.

——Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial; but as man  
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than *Melibæan*, or the grain  
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Heroes old,  
In time of truce: *Iris* had dipt the wooff:  
His starry helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime  
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,  
*Satan's* dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
*Adam* bow'd low, he kingly from his state  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

*Eve's* complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful: The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand

From



From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names :  
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?  
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ?

*Adam's* speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance ; here I could frequent  
 With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine ; and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs.  
 In yonder nether world, where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

The Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of *Milton's* Poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil's* Hero, in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher nature. *Adam's* vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which *Adam* takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in *Adam* at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

But have I now seen death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The second vision sets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The Angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity,

posterity, places before him a large hospital or lazaret-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick persons languish under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's Paper.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; *Despair*  
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant *Death* his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.

The passion, which likewise rises in *Adam* on this occasion, is very natural.

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
Dry-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,  
Tho' not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.

The discourse between the Angel and *Adam*, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the Author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into *Adam's* heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop,  
S 2 who

who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of Goddessees, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the eye:  
To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious titled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of those fair atheists——

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. *Adam* at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out in that passionate speech.

———O what are these!

Death's ministers not men, who thus deal death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
His brother: for of whom such massacre  
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?

*Milton*, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As



As it is visible that the Poet had his eye upon *Ovid's* account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the great catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which Critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

*Jamque mare & tellus nullum discrimen habebant,  
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.*

Ovid. Met. 1. v. 291.

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;  
A world of waters, and without a coast.

DRYDEN.

—————Sea cover'd sea,

Sea without shore—————

Milton.

In *Milton* the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our *English* Poet,

—————And in their palaces,

Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd

And stabled —————

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than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to browse? The reader may find several other parallel passages in the *Latin* and *English* description of the deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this Paper.

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Then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift  
 Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,  
 And there take root; an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals and orcs and sea-mews clang.

The transition which the Poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of *Ovid*.

How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation! thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons, 'till gently rear'd  
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,

Tho'

Tho' comfortless; as when a father mourns  
His children, all in view destroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this Poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first Parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine Poem. I must further add, that, had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of Paradise, his *Fall of Man* would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect. L



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N<sup>o</sup> 364 Monday, April 28.

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————— *Navibus atque*  
*Quadrigris petimus bene vivere.*

Hor. Ep. II. l. I. v. 29.

We ride and sail in quest of happiness.

CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ A Lady of my acquaintance, for whom  
 ‘ I have too much respect to be easy  
 ‘ while she is doing an indiscreet action, has  
 ‘ given occasion to this trouble : She is a widow,  
 ‘ to whom the indulgence of a tender husband  
 ‘ has intrusted the management of a very great  
 ‘ fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which  
 ‘ she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts  
 ‘ of the middle size, neither shining nor des-  
 ‘ picable, and has passed the common exercises  
 ‘ of his years with tolerable advantage, but is  
 ‘ withal what you would call a forward youth :  
 ‘ By the help of this last qualification, which  
 ‘ serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled  
 ‘ to make the best use of his learning, and dis-  
 ‘ play it at full length upon all occasions.  
 ‘ Last summer he distinguished himself two or  
 ‘ three times very remarkably, by puzzling the  
 ‘ Vicar before an assembly of most of the Ladies  
 ‘ in the neighbourhood ; and from such weighty  
 con-



considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

‘ I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young Gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to shew her son his estate in a distant county, in which he has never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master’s prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

‘ I

' I was going to rally her for so extravagant  
 ' a resolution, but found myself not in a fit  
 ' humour to meddle with a subject that de-  
 ' manded the most soft and delicate touch ima-  
 ' ginable. I was afraid of dropping something  
 ' that might seem to bear hard either upon the  
 ' son's abilities, or the mother's discretion; be-  
 ' ing sensible that in both these cases, though  
 ' supported with all the powers of reason, I  
 ' should, instead of gaining her Ladyship over  
 ' to my opinion, only expose myself to her  
 ' disesteem: I therefore immediately deter-  
 ' mined to refer the whole matter to the  
 ' SPECTATOR.

' When I came to reflect at night, as my  
 ' custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I  
 ' could not but believe that this humour of carry-  
 ' ing a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and  
 ' that upon pretence of learning men and things,  
 ' is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries  
 ' on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not  
 ' remember to have met with its parallel within  
 ' the compass of my observation, though I could  
 ' call to mind some not extremely unlike it:  
 ' From hence my thoughts took occasion to  
 ' ramble into the general notion of travelling,  
 ' as it is now made a part of education. No-  
 ' thing is more frequent than to take a lad from  
 ' grammar and taw, and under the tuition of  
 ' some poor scholar, who is willing to be  
 ' banished for thirty pounds a year, and a  
 ' little victuals, send him crying and sniveling  
 ' into foreign countries. Thus he spends his  
 ' time

time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

‘ Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make people understand, that Travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

‘ Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first

‘ prin-

‘ principles of manners and behaviour? To  
‘ endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure  
‘ without any foundation; or, if I may be al-  
‘ lowed the expression, to work a rich em-  
‘ broidery upon a cobweb.

‘ Another end of Travelling, which deserves  
‘ to be considered, is the improving our taste  
‘ of the best Authors of antiquity, by seeing  
‘ the places where they lived, and of which  
‘ they wrote; to compare the natural face of  
‘ the country with the descriptions they have  
‘ given us, and observe how well the picture  
‘ agrees with the original. This must certainly  
‘ be a most charming exercise to the mind that  
‘ is rightly turned for it; besides that it may  
‘ in a good measure be made subservient to  
‘ morality, if the person is capable of drawing  
‘ just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of  
‘ human things, from the ruinous alterations  
‘ time and barbarity have brought upon so many  
‘ palaces, cities and whole countries, which  
‘ make the most illustrious figures in history.  
‘ And this hint may be not a little improved  
‘ by examining every little spot of ground that  
‘ we find celebrated as the scene of some famous  
‘ action, or retaining any footsteps of a *Cato*,  
‘ *Cicero* or *Brutus*, or some such great virtuous  
‘ man. A nearer view of any such particular,  
‘ though really little and trifling in itself, may  
‘ serve the more powerfully to warm a gene-  
‘ rous mind to an emulation of their virtues,  
‘ and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate  
‘ their bright examples, if it comes duly tem-  
‘ pered



pered and prepared for the impressiion. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond *English* mother, and mother's own son, from being shewn a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of *Europe*. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their life-time.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Philip Homebred.*

S I R,

*Birchin-Lane.*

I Was married on *Sunday* last, and went peaceably to bed; but to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-consort, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches,

and

‘ and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle  
 ‘ in the honey-moon. A nod from you may  
 ‘ hush them; therefore pray, Sir, let them be  
 ‘ silenced, that for the future none but soft airs  
 ‘ may usher in the morning of a bridal night  
 ‘ which will be a favour not only to those who  
 ‘ come after, but to me, who can still subscribe  
 ‘ myself,

Your most humble

and most obedient servant,

*Robin Bridegroom*

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Am one of that sort of women whom the  
 ‘ gayer part of our Sex are apt to call a  
 ‘ Prude. But to shew them that I have very  
 ‘ little regard to their rallery, I shall be glad to  
 ‘ see them all at *The Amorous Widow, or the*  
 ‘ *Wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for the  
 ‘ benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the twenty-  
 ‘ eighth instant. I assure you, I can laugh at an  
 ‘ amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little  
 ‘ temptation to imitate them, as I could at any  
 ‘ other vicious character. Mrs. Porter obliged  
 ‘ me so very much in the exquisite sense she  
 ‘ seemed to have of the honourable sentiments  
 ‘ and noble passions in the character of *Her-*  
 ‘ *mione*, that I shall appear in her behalf at a  
 ‘ Comedy, though I have no great relish for  
 ‘ any entertainments where the mirth is not  
 ‘ seasoned with a certain severity, which ought  
 ‘ to

to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions.

I am, Sir,

Your frequent reader,

*Altamira.*

N<sup>o</sup> 365 Tuesday, April 29.

*Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—*

Virg. Georg. 3. v. 272.

But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires  
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

THE Author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several Ladies of Quality about the effects of the month of *May*, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabitants; the Marchioness of S—, who was one of the company, told him, ‘that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in *May*.’ As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this Paper for a caveat to the fair Sex, and publish it before *April* is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of *France*, and that some of our *British* Ladies are of the same constitution with the *French* Marchionesses.

I shall leave it among Physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose and set a rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches, which Nature has provided, lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the Sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-Pole, which one of our learned Antiquaries supposes to be a relique of a certain Pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin *Tarpeia*, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The



The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole Sex, as Mr. *Dryden* well observes in his description of this merry month.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,  
If not the first, the fairest of the year;  
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs.  
The sprightly *May* commands our youth to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;  
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,  
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.

Accordingly among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe *Cupids* confused with *Zephyrs* flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers from all quarters of the nation.

I received an Epistle in particular by the last post from a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female Sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for their better avoiding those calentures, which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shewn how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow, and shall further observe to them, that *Proserpine* was out a Maying, when she met with that fatal adventure, to which *Milton* alludes, when he mentions

——— That fair field  
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* gath'ring flow'rs,  
Herself, a fairer flow'r, by gloomy *Dis*  
Was gather'd———

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with *Virgil's* advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the 'snake in the grass.'

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions, which our astrological Physicians give in their almanacks for this month; such as are 'a spare and simple diet, with the moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflammers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of Nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear country-women, I would beg them to consider,

whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair Sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the Play-house, I would recommend Tragedy to them, rather than Comedy; and should think the Puppet-show much safer for them than the Opera, all the while the sun is in *Gemini*.

The reader will observe, that this Paper is written for the use of those Ladies, who think it worth while to war against Nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between *May* and *December*. X



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N<sup>o</sup> 366 Wednesday, April 30.

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*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.*

Hor. Od. 22. l. i. v. 17.

Set me where on some pathless plain  
The swarthy *Africans* complain,  
To see the chariot of the sun,  
So near the scorching country run :  
The burning zone, the frozen isles,  
Shall hear me sing of *Celia's* smiles ;  
All cold but in her breast I will despise,  
And dare all heat but that of *Celia's* eyes.

ROSCOMMON.

**T**HERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in Love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrenzy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease ; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which



which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE following verses are a translation of a *Lapland Love-Song*, which I met with in *Scheffer's* history of that country. I was agreeably surpris'd to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wonder'd if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them: But a *Lapland Lyric*, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old *Greece* or *Rome*; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species: this, I confess, seem'd a greater

T 3

‘ miracle

' miracle to me, than the famous stories of  
' their drums, their winds and enchantments.

' I am the bolder in commending this northern  
' Song, because I have faithfully kept  
' to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing;  
' and pretend to no greater praise  
' from my translation, than they who smooth  
' and clean the furs of that country which  
' have suffered by carriage. The numbers in  
' the original are as loose and unequal, as  
' those in which the *British* Ladies sport their  
' Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them  
' might not think it a disagreeable present from  
' a Lover: But I have ventured to bind it  
' in stricter measures, as being more proper for  
' our Tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may  
' better suit the genius of the *Laponian* language.

' It will be necessary to imagine, that the  
' Author of this Song, not having the liberty  
' of visiting his mistress at her father's house,  
' was in hopes of spying her at a distance in  
' the fields,

## I,

**T**HOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
Invites my fair to rural play,  
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
And bring my *Orra* to my eyes,

## II.

## II.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,  
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,  
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,  
And round and round for ever gaze.

## III.

My *Orra Moor*, where at thou laid?  
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?  
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear  
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

## IV.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,  
Or on the raven's pinions rise:  
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
And waft a Lover on his way.

## V.

My bliss too long my bride denies,  
Apace the wasting summer flies:  
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
Nor storms or night shall keep me here.

## VI.

What may for strength with steel compare?  
Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:  
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
But cruel love enchains the mind.

## VII.

No longer then perplex thy breast,  
When thoughts torment the first are best;  
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,  
Away to *Orra*, haste away.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

April the 10th.

' I Am one of those despicable creatures called  
 ' a Chambermaid, and have lived with a  
 ' mistress for some time, whom I love as my  
 ' life, which has made my duty and pleasure  
 ' inseparable. My greatest delight has been  
 ' in being employed about her person; and  
 ' indeed she is very seldom out of humour for  
 ' a woman of her Quality: But here lies my  
 ' complaint, Sir; to bear with me is all the  
 ' encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon  
 ' me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from  
 ' me to others: some she is pleased to bestow  
 ' in the house to those that neither want nor  
 ' wear them, and some to hangers-on, that  
 ' frequent the house daily, who come dressed  
 ' out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying  
 ' sight to me, who am a little necessitous for  
 ' clothes, and love to appear what I am, and  
 ' causes an uneasiness, so that I cannot serve  
 ' with that chearfulness as formerly; which my  
 ' mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and  
 ' ill-temper at seeing others preferred before  
 ' me. My mistress has a younger sister lives  
 ' in the house with her, that is some thou-  
 ' sands below her in estate, who is continually  
 ' heaping her favours on her maid; so that  
 ' she can appear every *Sunday*, for the first  
 ' quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes of her mis-  
 ' tress's giving, with all other things suitable.  
 ' All this I see without envying, but not  
 ' without



without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoke to my mistress, but to little purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret myself to nothing) but that she answers with silence. I beg, Sir, your direction what to do; for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am

Your admirer,

and humble servant,

*Constantia Comb-brush.*

I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your Speculations, may see it.



Thursday;

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N<sup>o</sup> 367 Thursday, May 1.

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— *Periturae parcite chartae.*

Juv. Sat. 1, v. 18.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best  
To make as much waste Paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the Public from these my Speculations, and, which, were I to speak after the manner of Logicians, I would distinguish into the Material and the Formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word Material I mean those benefits which arise to the Public from these my Speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our Paper-manufacture, employ our artificers in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our Paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other

other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the Merchant. The Merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those, who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into Paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in *Post-men*, *Post-boys*, *Daily-Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*, and *Examiners*. Men, women, and children contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of SPECTATORS, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a SPECTATOR, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the Public on several occasions, I must confess I have lighted my  
pipe

pipe with my own Works for this twelve-month past: My Landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old SPECTATORS, and has frequently told me, that the Paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last *Christmas* by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above-mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of Letters to their native country. A Lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A Beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a Prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of *Europe* have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing: Absolute Governments, as well as Republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present King of *France*,

in



in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign Princes and Ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of *Holland* and *Venice*, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. *Elzevir* and *Aldus* are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in *England*, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of *Cæsar's* Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a work that does honour to the *English* press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious Writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the *English* genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad  
that

that this Author comes from a *British* printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surpris'd to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When mens thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance.

L



Friday,

N<sup>o</sup> 368 Friday, May 2.

*Nos decebat*

*Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,  
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala :  
At qui labores morte finisset graves,  
Omnes amicos laude & lætitiâ exequi.*

Eurip. apud Tull.

When first an infant draws the vital air,  
Officious grief should welcome him to care :  
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,  
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

AS the SPECTATOR is in a kind a Paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written to an eminent *French* Gentleman in this town from *Paris*, which gives us the exit of an Heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

S I R,

*Paris, April 18, 1712.*

IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of *Madam de Villacerse*, whose departure out of this life I know not whether

‘ whether a man of your philosophy will call  
‘ unfortunate or not, since it was attended with  
‘ some circumstances as much to be desired as  
‘ to be lamented. She was her whole life  
‘ happy in an uninterrupted health, and was  
‘ always honoured for an evenness of temper  
‘ and greatness of mind. On the tenth instance  
‘ that Lady was taken with an indisposition  
‘ which confined her to her chamber, but was  
‘ such as was too slight to make her take a  
‘ sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of  
‘ any satisfaction in being out of it. It is no-  
‘ toriously known that some years ago Mon-  
‘ sieur *Festeau*, one of the most considerable  
‘ Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in love  
‘ with this Lady: Her Quality placed her above  
‘ any application to her on the account of his  
‘ passion; but as a woman always has some  
‘ regard to the person whom she believes to  
‘ be her real admirer, she now took it in her  
‘ head (upon advice of her Physicians to lose  
‘ some of her blood) to send for Monsieur  
‘ *Festeau* on that occasion. I happened to be  
‘ there at that time, and my near relation gave  
‘ me the privilege to be present. As soon as  
‘ her arm was stripped bare, and he began to  
‘ press it in order to raise the vein, his colour  
‘ changed, and I observed him seized with a  
‘ sudden tremor, which made me take the  
‘ liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some  
‘ apprehension: She smiled, and said, she knew  
‘ Mr. *Festeau* had no inclination to do her in-  
‘ jury. He seemed to recover himself, and  
‘ smiling



smiling also proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using *Festeau* as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation she ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor *Festeau* was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. *Festeau*, which was as follows.

" Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed.

" I am removed to all intents and purposes from  
 " the interests of human life, therefore I am  
 " to begin to think like one wholly uncon-  
 " cerned in it. I do not consider you as one  
 " by whose error I have lost my life; no, you  
 " are my benefactor as you have hastened my  
 " entrance into a happy immortality. This is  
 " my sense of this accident; but the world in  
 " which you live may have thoughts of it to  
 " your disadvantage; I have therefore taken  
 " care to provide for you in my Will, and have  
 " placed you above what you have to fear  
 " from their ill-nature."

" While this excellent woman spoke these  
 " words, *Festeau* looked as if he received a  
 " condemnation to die, instead of a pension for  
 " his life. *Madam de Villacerfe* lived until eight  
 " of the clock the next night, and though she  
 " must have laboured under the most exquisite  
 " torments, she possessed her mind with so  
 " wonderful a patience, that one may rather say  
 " she ceased to breathe than she died at that  
 " hour. You, who had not the happiness to be  
 " personally known to this Lady, have nothing  
 " but to rejoice in the honour you had of being  
 " related to so great merit; but we, who have  
 " lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign  
 " our own happiness by reflexion upon hers.

I am, Sir, your affectionate kinsman,  
 and most obedient humble servant,

*Paul Regnaud.*

There

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this Lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this Lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life. T

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N<sup>o</sup> 369 Saturday, May 3.

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*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 279.

—What we hear moves less than what we see.

ROSCOMMON.

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the history of mankind to the first great period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in Narration. He has devised a very handsom reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubt-

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less the true reason was the difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of *Babel*, and in his short sketch of the plagues of *Egypt*. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage, which follows, is raised upon noble hints in Scripture:

————— Thus with ten wounds  
 The River-Dragon tam'd at length submits,  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw, 'till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
 Swallows him with his host; but then lets pass  
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,  
 Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand  
 Divided —————

The



The River-Dragon is an allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Egypt* derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in *Ezekiel*;  
 'Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee, *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, my river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.' *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of *Moses*.

All night he will pursue, but his approach  
 Darkness defends between 'till morning watch;  
*Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud*  
*God looking forth, will trouble all his host,*  
*And craze their chariot-wheels:* when by command,  
*Moses* once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys:  
 On their embattell'd ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war—— —

As the principal design of this Episode was to give *Adam* an idea of the Holy Person who was to reinstate Human Nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the line of *Abraham*, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the Narration.

I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil  
*Ur of Chaldaea*, passing now the ford  
 Of *Haran*, after him a cumb'rous train  
 Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude;  
 Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
*Canaan* he now attains; I see his tents  
 Pitch'd about *Sichem*, and the neighbouring plain  
 Of *Moreh*. There by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From *Hamath* northward to the desert south.  
 (Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd.)

As *Virgil's* Vision in the sixth *Aeneid* probably gave *Milton* the hint of this whole Episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where *Anchises* mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

*Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.*

The Poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which rises in *Adam* upon the discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the Redemption of man compleated, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport;

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my sixth Paper on *Milton*, that an Heroic Poem, according to the opinion of the best Critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and inquietudes, in a state of tranquility and satisfaction. *Milton's* Fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater happiness, than that which they forfeited: In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of misery.

*Milton's* Poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of *Adam* and the Archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech which is ascribed

to the Mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;  
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
In me is no delay: with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
This farther consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
By me the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

The following lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

*Heliodorus* in his *Æthiopics* acquaints us, that the motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description *Milton* has attributed the same kind of motion to the Angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

So spake our mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard  
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill  
To their fix'd station, all in bright array

The



The Cherubim descended ; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
 Fierce as a comet———

The Author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the conduct of *Lot* and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
 Our ling'ring Parents, and to th' eastern gate  
 Led them direct ; and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain : then disappear'd.  
 They looking back, &c.

The scene which our first Parents are surpris'd with, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :  
 Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon :  
 The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

If

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow :

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through *Eden* took their solitary way.

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration :

The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

The number of books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our Author in his first edition had divided his Poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books by the help of some small additions. The second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great Work.

Those who have read *Bosfu*, and many of the Critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*.

Though I can by no means think with the last mentioned *French* Author, that an Epic Writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, and afterwards finds out a story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroic Poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That, which reigns in *Milton*, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined: It is in short this, That obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal Fable, which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in Paradise, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable multitude of Angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the Fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the Poem, and which makes this Work more useful and instructive than any other Poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the *Odysssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in *Milton*, he will find that

that from *Adam's* first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth book, the Author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculation of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the *English* nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our Author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two Papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a Paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautified



med by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention, a distant Allusion, or a judicious Imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raises his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in *Tasso*, which our Author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations, as might do more honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with amongst those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my Bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

L

Monday,

N<sup>o</sup> 370 Monday, May 5.

*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* sentences, at the head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them: However, I have to day taken down from the top of the stage in *Drury-Lane* a bit of *Latin* which often stands in their view, and signifies that ‘the whole world acts the Player.’ It is certain that if we look round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed character. The Lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a Player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the Pleader’s falshood introduces injustice, the Player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a Player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion

tion to his depreciating a character more  
ered. Consider all the different pursuits and  
employments of men, and you will find half  
their actions tend to nothing else but disguise  
and imposture; and all that is done which pro-  
ceeds not from a man's very self is the action  
of a Player. For this reason it is that I make  
so frequent mention of the Stage: It is, with me,  
a matter of the highest consideration what parts  
are well or ill performed, what passions or sen-  
timents are indulged or cultivated, and conse-  
quently what manners and customs are trans-  
fused from the Stage to the World, which reci-  
procally imitate each other. As the writers of  
Epic Poems introduce shadowy persons, and re-  
present vices and virtues under the characters  
of men and women; so I, who am a SPEC-  
TATOR in the world, may perhaps sometimes  
make use of the names of the Actors on the  
Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact  
affairs in the World. When I am commending  
*Wilks* for representing the tenderness of a hus-  
band and a father in *Macbeth*, the contrition  
of a reformed prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*,  
the winning emptiness of a young man of good-  
nature and wealth in the *Trip to the Jubilee*,  
the officiousness of an artful servant in the *Fox*:  
when thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the  
World who are engaged in any of those circum-  
stances. If I were to speak of merit neglected,  
misapplied or misunderstood, might not I say  
*Eastcourt* has a great capacity? But it is not the  
interest of others who bear a figure on the Stage  
that

that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord *Foppington* were not on the Stage, (*Cibber* acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly) he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated Stage would have upon mens manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the aukward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for *Dogget*. *Johnson*, by acting *Corbacchio*, the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman* in *The Fop's Fortune*; where, in the character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy*, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Penkethman* is also master of as many faces in the dumb-scene, as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger: He wonders through-



throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. *Penketbman* to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time; as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a Stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the Theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the Actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. *Bicknell*, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a Dancer, an assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection or passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town

VOL. V. X into

into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs *Bicknell* has the only capacity for this sort of Dancing of any on the Stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night when sure the Romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind.

N<sup>o</sup> 371 Tuesday, May 6.

*Jamne igitur laudas quòd de Sapientibus unus  
Ridebat? —*

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 28.

And shall the Sage \* your approbation win,  
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?

I Shall communicate to my reader the following Letter for the entertainment of this day.

S I R,

YOU know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called Whims and Humourists, than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our *English* Comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

\* *Democritus.*

‘ Among

' Among those innumerable sets of Whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My Letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the Wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the *Bath*, observing that in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our *English* Proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,  
When beards wag all.

' It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meet-

ing together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good-humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

The same Gentleman some time after packed together a set of Oggers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

The third feast which this merry Gentleman exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them, that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though



it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest Gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as, D'ye hear me, D'ye see, That is, And so Sir. Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company: By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

‘ The same well-meaning Gentleman took  
‘ occasion, at another time, to bring together  
‘ such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish  
‘ habitual custom of swearing. In order to shew  
‘ them the absurdity of the practice, he had re-  
‘ course to the invention above-mentioned, hav-  
‘ ing placed an *Amanuensis* in a private part of  
‘ the room. After the second bottle, when  
‘ men open their minds without reserve, my  
‘ honest friend began to take notice of the many  
‘ sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed  
‘ in his house since their sitting down at table,  
‘ and how much good conversation they had lost  
‘ by giving way to such superfluous phrases.  
‘ What a tax, says he, would they have raised  
‘ for the poor, had we put the laws in ex-  
‘ ecution upon one another? Every one of them  
‘ took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon  
‘ which he told them, that knowing their con-  
‘ versation would have no secrets in it, he  
‘ had ordered it to be taken down in writing,  
‘ and for the humour-sake would read it to them,  
‘ if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it,  
‘ which might have been reduced to two, had  
‘ there not been those abominable interpolations I  
‘ have before mentioned. Upon the reading of  
‘ it in cold blood, it looked rather like a con-  
‘ ference of fiends than of men. In short, every  
‘ one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly  
‘ what he had pronounced amidst the heat and  
‘ inadvertency of discourse.

‘ I shall only mention another occasion  
‘ wherein he made use of the same invention  
‘ to

to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation of Story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day one of them, sitting down, entered upon the siege of *Namur*, which lasted until four of the clock, their time of parting. The second day a *North-Britain* took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company staid together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest Sportsman, or, if you please, the *Nimrod* among this species of Writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I

I am, Sir, &c.

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N<sup>o</sup> 372 Wednesday, May 7.

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— — *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis  
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*

Ovid. Metam. l. i. v. 759.

To hear an open slander, is a curse ;  
But not to find an answer, is a worse.

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

May 6, 1712.

‘ I Am Sexton of the parish of *Covent-Garden*,  
‘ and complained to you sometime ago,  
‘ that as I was tolling in to prayers at eleven  
‘ in the morning, crowds of people of Quality  
‘ hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on  
‘ the other side of the Garden. I had at the  
‘ same time a very great disesteem for Mr.  
‘ *Powell* and his little thoughtless common-  
‘ wealth, as if they had enticed the Gentry into  
‘ those wanderings: But let that be as it will,  
‘ I am now convinced of the honest intentions  
‘ of the said Mr. *Powell* and company; and  
‘ send this to acquaint you, that he has given  
‘ all the profits which shall arise to-morrow  
‘ night by his Play to the use of the poor charity-  
‘ children of this parish. I have been informed,  
‘ Sir, that in *Holland* all persons who set up  
‘ any Show, or act any Stage-Play, be the  
‘ Actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and  
‘ blood,



blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain  
such a proportion to the honest and indus-  
trious poor in the neighbourhood: By this  
means they make diversion and pleasure pay  
a tax to labour and industry. I have been  
told also, that all the time of *Lent*, in Ro-  
man-Catholic countries, the persons of con-  
dition administered to the necessities of the  
poor, and attended the beds of lazars and  
diseased persons. Our Protestant Ladies and  
Gentlemen are so much to seek for proper  
ways of passing time, that they are obliged  
to *Punchinello* for knowing what to do with  
themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only  
you would intreat our people of Quality, who  
are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to  
think of the practice of any moral duty, that  
they would at least fine for their sins, and  
give something to these poor children; a little  
out of their luxury and superfluity would  
atone, in some measure, for the wanton use  
of the rest of their fortunes. It would not,  
methinks, be amiss, if the Ladies, who haunt  
the cloisters and passages of the Play-house,  
were upon every offence obliged to pay to  
this excellent institution of schools of charity:  
This method would make offenders themselves  
do service to the Public. But in the mean  
time I desire you would publish this voluntary  
reparation which Mr. *Powell* does our parish,  
for the noise he has made in it by the con-  
stant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, tri-  
umphs, and battles. The destruction of *Troy*  
‘ adorned

‘ adorned with Highland dances, are to make  
 ‘ up the entertainment of all who are so well  
 ‘ disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment  
 ‘ for no other reason but that it is to do a good  
 ‘ action.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Ralph Bellfry.*

‘ I am credibly informed, that all the in-  
 ‘ sinuations which a certain Writer made against  
 ‘ Mr. *Powell* at the *Bath*, are false and ground-  
 ‘ less.’

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ MY employment, which is that of a Broker,  
 ‘ leading me often into Taverns about the  
 ‘ Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a  
 ‘ certain enormity, which I shall here submit  
 ‘ to your animadversion. In three or four of  
 ‘ these Taverns, I have, at different times, taken  
 ‘ notice of a precise set of people with grave  
 ‘ countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or  
 ‘ dark camblet trimmed with black, and mourn-  
 ‘ ing gloves and hatbands, who met on certain  
 ‘ days at each Tavern successively, and keep  
 ‘ a sort of moving club. Having often met with  
 ‘ their faces, and observed a certain flinking  
 ‘ way in their dropping in one after another,  
 ‘ I had the curiosity to inquire into their cha-  
 ‘ racters, being the rather moved to it by their

agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find upon due examination they are a knot of Parish-Clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the Bills of Mortality over their half-pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting Amen in the service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore without rallery, advise them, to send the Florence and Pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the Overseers of the poor.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Humphry Transfer.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

May 6.

I Was last *Wednesday* night at a Tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves the *Lawyers-Club*. You must know, Sir, this Club consists only of Attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the Cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their Clerk *Will. Goosequill*, (who registers all their proceedings,) that one of them may go the next day with it to a Counsel. This indeed

' indeed is commendable, and ought to be the  
 ' principal end of their meeting; but had you  
 ' been there to have heard them relate their  
 ' methods of managing a Cause, their manner  
 ' of drawing out their Bills, and, in short, their  
 ' arguments upon their several ways of abusing  
 ' their Clients, with the applause that is given  
 ' to him who has done it most artfully, you  
 ' would before now have given your remarks  
 ' on them. They are so conscious that their  
 ' discourses ought to be kept a secret, that  
 ' they are very cautious of admitting any person  
 ' who is not of their profession. When any  
 ' who are not of the Law are let in, the person,  
 ' who introduces him, says, he is a very honest  
 ' Gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant  
 ' is, to pay costs. I am admitted upon the  
 ' recommendation of one of their principals,  
 ' as a very honest, good-natured fellow," that  
 ' will never be in a plot, and only desires to  
 ' drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You  
 ' have formerly remarked upon several sorts of  
 ' Clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to  
 ' increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please  
 ' to take notice of it.

I am, with respect,

Your humble servant,

T

H. R.

Thursday,



N<sup>o</sup> 373 Thursday, May 8.*Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis & umbrâ.*

Juv. Sat. 14. v. 109.

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,  
And in her borrow'd form escapes enquiring eyes.

MR. *Locke*, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the Abuse of Words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions. 'A Definition, says he, is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the fore-mentioned ground he does not scruple to say, that

that he thinks 'morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretation which are put upon them, than those two, Modesty and Assurance. To say, such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of Assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the Idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, 'the reflexion of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.'

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince,

Prince, whose father, being a tributary King to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this instance of Modesty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be ' the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.' That which generally gives a man Assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he con-

converses with. A man without Modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without Modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest Assurance; by which we understand the just mean between Bashfulness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon



Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of Virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming Assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both. X

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N<sup>o</sup> 374 Friday, May 9.

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*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.*

Luc. Lib. 2. v. 657.

He reckons not the past, while ought remain'd  
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.

Rowe.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination: As we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any further than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit

VOL. V.

Y

to

to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to mens respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflexions so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praise-worthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the Antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day, to-day, which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive: This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinencies of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness: Go to neither—Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for

for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity until yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man, who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæsar*, of whom it was said, 'that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do,' went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious Captain to write down what scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate, that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of *Pharsalia*, there were found these loose notes for his own conduct: It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded

to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

‘ My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory ; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of *Pompey*. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. *Trebutius* is ashamed to see me : I will go to his tent and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. *Galbinus* is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune ; let him wait. Send for *Sertinius* : He is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflexion, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular General who can expose himself like a private man during a battle ; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.’

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this Hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security ; and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance



stance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflexions, when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of *Calphurnia's* dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this Paper.

‘ Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow : It will not be then, because I am willing it should be then ; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the Gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If *Calphurnia's* dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow ? If they are from the Gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory : what is there that *Cæsar* has not done with as much honour as ancient Heroes ? *Cæsar* has not yet died ; *Cæsar* is prepared to die.’ T



N<sup>o</sup> 375 Saturday, May 10.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
 Rectè beatum: rectius occupat  
 Nomen beati, qui Deorum  
 Muneribus sapienter uti,  
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati,  
 Pejusque letbo flagitium timet.*

Hor. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 45.

We barbarously call them blest,  
 Who are of largest tenements possess, }  
 While swelling coffers break their owner's rest. }  
 More truly happy those, who can  
 Govern that little empire, man:  
 Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n  
 By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n:  
 Who, in a fix'd, unalterable, state, }  
 Smile at the doubtful tide of fate, }  
 And scorn alike her friendship and her hate: }  
 Who poison less than falsehood fear,  
 Loth to purchase life so dear. STEPNEY.

**I** HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the Gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the Speculation of this day.

An

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the shew of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter, (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest Farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. *Amanda* was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called

in at the Farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity; but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon *Amanda's* virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a Letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following Letter.

S I R,

I Have heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you



are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: But if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This Letter came to the hands of *Amanda's* mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows.

Dearest Child,

**Y**OUR father and I have just now received a Letter from a Gentleman, who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: It is not so bad

‘ bad as you have perhaps been told. All things  
 ‘ will yet be well, and I shall write my child  
 ‘ better news.

‘ I have been interrupted. I know not how  
 ‘ was moved to say things would mend. As I  
 ‘ was going on I was startled by a noise of one  
 ‘ that knocked at the door, and hath brought  
 ‘ us an unexpected supply of a debt which  
 ‘ had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell  
 ‘ thee all. It is some days I have lived almost  
 ‘ without support, having conveyed what little  
 ‘ money I could raise to your poor father—Thou  
 ‘ wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured  
 ‘ he will be soon at liberty. That cruel Letter  
 ‘ would have broke his heart, but I have con-  
 ‘ cealed it from him. I have no companion at  
 ‘ present besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching  
 ‘ my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister:  
 ‘ She says she is sure you are not well, having  
 ‘ discovered that my present trouble is about you.  
 ‘ But do not think I would thus repeat my sor-  
 ‘ rows to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee  
 ‘ not to make them insupportable, by adding  
 ‘ what would be worse than all. Let us bear  
 ‘ chearfully an affliction, which we have not  
 ‘ brought on ourselves, and remember there is a  
 ‘ Power who can better deliver us out of it, than  
 ‘ by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve  
 ‘ my dear child.

Thy affectionate mother—

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised  
 to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carried it  
 first

to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress: But at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, until she was assured he brought a Letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second Epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* mother.

M A D A M,

‘ I Am full of shame, and will never forgive  
‘ myself, if I have not your pardon for  
‘ what I lately wrote. It was far from my  
‘ intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor  
‘ could any thing, but by being a stranger to you,  
‘ have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I  
‘ live,

‘ live, I shall endeavour to make you amends,  
 ‘ as a son. You cannot be unhappy while  
 ‘ *Amanda* is your daughter: nor shall be, if  
 ‘ any thing can prevent it, which is in the  
 ‘ power of,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

humble servant—

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance *Amanda's* father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.



Monday,



N<sup>o</sup> 376 Monday, May 12.—— *Parvone ex Pythagoreo.* Perf. Sat. 6. v. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE observed that the Officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs has not done his duty so well, as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must, sure, have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, per-

performing the office of a Day-Watchman followed by a Goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, until being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepid old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out half an hour after one of the clock, and immediately a dirty Goose behind him made her response, quack, quack. I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical Monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader: For it seems the Peripatetic who walked before her was a Watchman in that neighbourhood; and the Goose of herself by frequent hearing his tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly from time to time. The Watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to

to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact: Now I desire you, who are a profound Philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your Speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such as, like this Watchman, may be very near the standard of Geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how in all ages and times the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this Goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures, with their eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Michael Gander.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have for several years had under my care the government and education of young Ladies, which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes: I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an  
humble

' humble courteous mind, accompanied with  
 ' graceful becoming mien, and have made them  
 ' pretty much acquainted with the household par-  
 ' of family-affairs; but still I find there is some  
 ' thing very much wanting in the air of my  
 ' Ladies different from what I observe in those  
 ' that are esteemed your fine-bred women.  
 ' Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered  
 ' my girls to learn to dance; but since I have  
 ' read your discourse of Dancing, where you  
 ' have described the beauty and spirit there is  
 ' in regular motion, I own myself your con-  
 ' vert, and resolve for the future to give my  
 ' young Ladies that accomplishment. But upon  
 ' imparting my design to their parents, I have  
 ' been made very uneasy, for some time, be-  
 ' cause several of them have declared, that if  
 ' I did not make use of the master they re-  
 ' commended, they would take away their  
 ' children. There was Colonel *Jumper's* Lady,  
 ' a Colonel of the Trainbands, that has a great  
 ' interest in her parish; she recommends Mr.  
 ' *Trott* for the prettiest master in town, that no  
 ' man teaches a jig like him, that she has seen  
 ' him rise six or seven capers together with the  
 ' greatest ease imaginable, and that his scholars  
 ' twist themselves more ways than the scholars  
 ' of any master in town: besides there is Madam  
 ' *Prim*, an Alderman's Lady, recommends a  
 ' master of her own name, but she declares  
 ' he is not of their family, yet a very extra-  
 ' ordinary man in his way; for besides a very  
 ' soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a  
 ' par-



particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box, to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces: for my Lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars in their very features and limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

*Rachael Watchful.*



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N<sup>o</sup> 377 Tuesday, May 13.

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*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas* — Hor. Od. 13. l. 2. v. 13.

What each should fly, is seldom known;  
We, unprovided, are undone.

CREECH.

LOVE was the mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic, in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of 'dying for Love.'

Romances, which owe their very Being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern Tragedies where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, re-  
present

present the fair Sex as Basilisks that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with great justness of thought compared a beautiful woman to a Porcupine that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of Letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following Bill of Mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

*Lysander*, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of September.

*Thirsis*, shot from a casement in *Picadilly*.

*T. S.* wounded by *Zelinda's* scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Z 2

*Will.*

*Will. Simple*, smitten at the Opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

*Ibo. Vainlove*, lost his life at a ball.

*Tim. Tattle*, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

*Sir Simon Softly*, murdered at the Play-house in *Drury-Lane* by a frown.

*Philander*, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her tucker.

*Ralph Gapely, Esq*; hit by a random shot at the Ring.

*F. R.* caught his death upon the water, *April* the first.

*W. W.* killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front-box in *Drury-Lane*.

*Sir Christopher Crazy, Bart.* hurt by the brush of a whalebone-petticoat.

*Sylvius*, shot through the sticks of a fan at Saint *James's* church.

*Damon*, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

*Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Esqrs*; standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the widow *Trapland*.

*Tom. Rattle*, chancing to tread upon a Lady's tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

*Dick*



*Dick Tastewell*, slain by a blush from the Queen's box in the third act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

*Samuel Felt*, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to *Islington*, by Mrs. *Susannah Crossstitch*, as she was clambering over a stile.

*R, F. T, W. S, I. M, P. &c.* put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

*Roger Blinko*, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

*Musidorus*, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in *Belinda's* left cheek.

*Ned Courthy* presenting *Flavia* with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose) she received it, and took away his life with a curtsy.

*John Gosselin* having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape was dispatched by a smile.

*Strephon*, killed by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the Pit.

*Charles Careless*, shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

*Josiah Wither*, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jet-well*, spinster.

*Jack Free-love*, murdered by *Melissa* in her hair.

*William Wiseaker*, Gent. drowned in a flood of tears by *Moll Common*.

*John Pleadwell*, Esq; of the *Middle Temple*, Barrister at Law, assassinated in his chambers the sixth instant by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

I

Z 3

Wednesday,

N<sup>o</sup> 378 Wednesday, May 14.

*Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.*

Virg. Ecl. 4. v. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move.

DRYDEN.

**I** WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following Poem, which is written by a great Genius, a friend of mine, in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

# M E S S I A H.

A sacred Eclogue, composed of several passages of *Isaiab* the Prophet.

Written in imitation of *Virgil's* POLLIO.

**Y**E nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the song,  
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd *Isaiab's* hallow'd lips with fire!  
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,  
A *Virgin* shall conceive, a *Virgin* bare a Son!  
From *Jesse's* root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:

*Isaiæ* Cap.  
31. v. 1.

Th'

Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
 Ye Heav'ns from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
 See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,  
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Sharon* rise,  
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies!  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;  
 A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
 Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise!  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
 The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient Bards foretold:  
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.  
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe;  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear,

Z 4

In

Cap. 45.  
v. 8.Cap. 25.  
v. 4.

Cap. 9. v. 7.

Cap. 35.  
v. 2.Cap. 40.  
v. 3, 4.

C. 42. v. 18.

Cap. 35.  
v. 5, 6.

Cap. 25.

v. 8.

Cap. 40.

v. 11.

In adamantine chains shall death be bound,  
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'er sees them, and by night protects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:  
 Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,  
 The promis'd Father of the future age.

C. 2. v. 6.

C. 2. v. 4.

No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

Cap. 65.

v. 21, 22.

Cap. 35.

v. 1, 7.

The swain in barren desarts with surprise.  
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear:  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,

Cap. 41.

v. 19. and

Cap. 55.

v. 13.

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.

Cap. 11.

v. 6, 7, 8.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;



Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey, [play.  
 And with their forked tongue and pointless sting shall  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial *Salem* rise! C. 60. v. 1.  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn; C. 60. v. 4.  
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn  
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend, C. 60. v. 3.  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,  
 And heap'd with products of *Sabaean* springs! C. 60. v. 6.  
 For thee *Idume's* spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in *Opbir's* mountains glow.  
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn, Cap. 60.  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays, v. 19, 20.  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze [shine  
 O'erflow thy courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF shall  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, C. 57. v. 6.  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; and C. 54.  
 But fix'd *His* word, *His* saving pow'r remains, v. 10.  
 Thy *Realm* for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns.  
 T



Thursday,

N<sup>o</sup> 379 Thursday, May 15.

*Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*

Perf. Sat. I. v. 27.

— Science is not science 'till reveal'd.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old *Latin* verse, namely, that 'A man's knowledge is 'worth nothing, if he communicates what he 'knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflexion. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put into the dress of words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves: When they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are

are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself, that in the course of these my Speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few, who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received several Letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted Learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet: I am charged by another with laying open the *Arcana*, or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the Letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shewn itself in all ages: There is still extant an epistle written by *Alexander the Great* to his tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, 'That he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.'

*Luisa de Padilla*, a Lady of great learning, and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like manner  
angry

angry with the famous *Gratian*, upon his publishing his treatise of the *Discreto*; wherein he fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the Great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned Authors, by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their stile and manner of writing, that though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

*Persius*, the *Latin* Satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which however Mr. *Cowley* is so offended, that writing to one of his friends, you, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Persius* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent Authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.



The *Egyptians*, who made use of Hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark-lantern closed on all sides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the Public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this Paper with the story of *Rosicrucius's* sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the *Rosicrucian* sect, and that his Disciples still pretend to new discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind.

A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, where this Philosopher lay interred, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surpris'd by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault: At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within  
the

the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright ; and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work ; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

*Rosicrucius*, say his Disciples, made use of this method, to shew the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the Ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery. X



N<sup>o</sup> 380 Friday, May 16.*Rivalem patienter babe — —*

Ovid. Ars Am. l. 2. 538.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

S I R,

Thursday, May 8, 1712.

THE character you have in the world of being the Lady's Philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your Papers, make me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion what in this age a woman may call a Lover. I have had lately a Gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my friends took notice of it and thought we were really married; which I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young Gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance which was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, she gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingenuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now whether a new face had  
made

' made a greater conquest than the old, I will  
 ' leave you to judge: But I am informed that  
 ' he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship,  
 ' but withal professed a sincere friendship for  
 ' me; but whether Marriages are proposed by  
 ' way of friendship or not, is what I desire to  
 ' know, and what I may really call a Lover.  
 ' There are so many who talk in a language fit  
 ' only for that character, and yet guard them-  
 ' selves against speaking in direct terms to the  
 ' point, that it is impossible to distinguish  
 ' between courtship and conversation. I hope  
 ' you will do me justice both upon my Lover  
 ' and my Friend, if they provoke me further:  
 ' In the mean time I carry it with so equal a  
 ' behaviour, that the Nymph and the Swain  
 ' too are mightily at a loss; each believes I,  
 ' who know them both well, think myself re-  
 ' venged in their love to one another, which  
 ' creates an irreconcilable jealousy. If all comes  
 ' right again, you shall hear further from,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

*Myrilla.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

*April 28, 1712.*

' **Y**OUR observations on persons that have  
 ' behaved themselves irreverently at Church,  
 ' I doubt not have had a good effect on some  
 ' that have read them: But there is another  
 ' fault



' fault which has hitherto escaped your notice,  
' I mean of such persons as are very zealous  
' and punctual to perform an ejaculation that  
' is only preparatory to the service of the  
' church, and yet neglect to join in the service  
' itself. There is an instance of this in a friend  
' of WILL HONEYCOMB'S, who sits opposite to  
' me: He seldom comes in until the prayers  
' are about half over, and when he has entered  
' his seat (instead of joining with the congrega-  
' tion) he devoutly holds his hat before his  
' face for three or four moments, then bows to  
' all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch  
' of snuff, (if it be evening service perhaps a nap)  
' and spends the remaining time in surveying  
' the congregation. Now, Sir, what I would  
' desire, is, that you will animadvert a little  
' on this Gentleman's practice. In my opinion  
' this Gentleman's devotion, cap in hand, is  
' only a compliance to the custom of the place,  
' and goes no further than a little ecclesiastical  
' good-breeding. If you will not pretend to  
' tell us the motives that bring such triflers to  
' solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you  
' will give this Letter a place in your Paper,  
' and I shall remain,

Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

J. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

May the 5th.

THE conversation at a Club, of which I am a member, last night falling upon Vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last *Thursday* by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished Milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a Coquette in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had effected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the feature of a first-rate Toast at a Play, or in an Assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of Pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the Milk-maid enjoys her Vanity as exquisitely as the Woman of Quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.

S I R,

*S I R,*

COMING last week into a Coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a curtsy, and went my way: He followed me, and finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. Did you so, Sir? says I: You gave it me then to make me be wicked, I will keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I will lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake. I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you so to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble servant,

May 12,  
1712.

*Betty Lemon.*

*S I R,*

*St. Brides, May 15, 1712.*

IT is a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfaction to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that

' that the Gentlemen and others of the parish  
 ' of Saint *Brides*, have raised a Charity-school  
 ' of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You  
 ' were so kind to recommend the boys to the  
 ' charitable world, and the other Sex hope you  
 ' will do them the same favour in *Friday's*  
 ' SPECTATOR for *Sunday* next, when they are  
 ' to appear with their humble airs at the Parish-  
 ' church of Saint *Brides*. Sir, the mention of  
 ' this may possibly be serviceable to the children;  
 ' and sure no one will omit a good action attended  
 ' with no expence.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

T

*The Sexton.*



Saturday,



N<sup>o</sup> 381 Saturday, May 17.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
Lætitiâ, moriture Deli.* Hor. Od. 3. l. 2. v. 1.

Be calm, my *Deli*, and serene,  
However Fortune change the scene :  
In thy most dejected state,  
Sink not underneath the weight;  
Nor yet, when happy days begin,  
And the full tide comes rolling in,  
Let a fierce, unruly, joy  
The settl'd quiet of thy mind destroy. ANON.

I HAVE always preferred Chearfulness to Mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, Chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of Melancholy: On the contrary, Chearfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; Chearfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider Cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his Soul: His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does  
not

not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Chearfulness of his companion: It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the Soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man de-

serves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this Chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his intire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After



After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of Evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with Chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of Chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the Soul of a virtuous man, and makes him

him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of Chearfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please. I

Monday,

N<sup>o</sup> 382 Monday, May 19.*Habes confitentem reum.*

Tull.

The accused confesses his guilt.

I Ought not to have neglected a request of one of my correspondents so long as I have ; but I dare say I have given him time to add practice to profession. He sent me some time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine to drink the health of a Gentleman, who had by the Penny-post advertised him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correspondent received the obligation from an unknown hand with the Candor which is natural to an ingenuous mind ; and promises a contrary behaviour in that point for the future : He will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenuous acknowledgment of a fault : All such miscarriages as flow from inadvertency are more than repaid by it ; for reason, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its force in the atonement. He that says, he did not design to disoblige you in such an action, does as much as if he should tell you, that though the circumstance which displeased was never in his thoughts, he has that respect for you, that he

he is unsatisfied until it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an acknowledgment of an offence is made out of poorness of spirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumstance is quite different: But in the case of my correspondent, where both the notice is taken and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the highest grace on each side. To make the acknowledgment of a fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the circumstances of the offender place him above any ill consequences from the resentment of the person offended. A Dauphin of *France* upon a review of the army, and a command of the King to alter the posture of it by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an Officer at the head of a brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last orders, which were to move a contrary way. The Prince, instead of taking the admonition which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with safety to his understanding, shook a cane at the Officer; and with the return of opprobrious language persisted in his own orders. The whole matter came necessarily before the King, who commanded his son, on foot, to lay his right hand on the Gentleman's stirrup as he sat on horseback in sight of the whole army, and ask his pardon. When the Prince touched his stirrup, and was going to speak, the Officer, with an incredible agility, threw himself on the earth, and kissed his feet.

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The Body is very little concerned in the pleasure or sufferings of Souls truly great; and the reparation, when an honour was designed this Soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his resentment.

When we turn our thoughts from these extraordinary occurrences into common life, we see an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commission. Thus many things wherein a man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, 'This is a trespass; you will pardon my confidence; I am sensible I have no pretension to this favour,' and the like. But commend me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise then by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of carriage which prompts a man against rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourself to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modesty ought, in defence of those qualities, to oppose you: But without considering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural consequence of Candor when we speak of ourselves.

The *SPECTATOR* writes often in an elegant; often in an argumentative, and often in a sublime style, with equal success; but how would it hurt the reputed Author of that Paper to own,  
that

that of the most beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publisher? There is nothing but what a man really performs, can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loses in the conviction of his own heart, and a man must lose his consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any falsehood without inward mortification.

Who has not seen a very criminal at the bar, when his Counsel and Friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole Assembly to pity him, and his Judge to recommend his case to the mercy of the Throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own mouth, and took upon himself all the shame and sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great opposition to this kind of Candor, arises from the unjust idea people ordinarily have of what we call a high Spirit. It is far from greatness of Spirit to persist in the wrong in any thing, nor is it a diminution of greatness of Spirit to have been in the wrong: Perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgement of an imperfection: But it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great Spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. It would swell this Paper to too great a length, should

Should I insert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and in some cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty side, and have not Spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the Ladies the case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high Spirit, to throw away from it all which itself disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a shame, as that which disables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and sentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous Spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is intangled with an after-life of guilt, sorrow and perplexity. T



Tuesday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 383 Tuesday, May 20.

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*Criminibus debent tortos*——

Juv. Sat. I. v. 75.

A beauteous Garden, but by vice maintain'd.

**A**S I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next SPECTATOR, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my Landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful voice inquiring whether the Philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir ROGER's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below until I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd



of Watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir ROGER after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, ' You ' must know, says Sir ROGER, I never make ' use of any body to row me, that has not either ' lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate ' him a few strokes of his oar than not employ ' an honest man that has been wounded in ' the Queen's service. If I was a Lord or a ' Bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put ' a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden ' leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for *Vaux-Hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at *La Hogue*, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflexions on the greatness of the *British* nation; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen*; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the *Thames* was the noblest river in *Europe*; that *London* bridge was a greater piece of work, than any of the seven Wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true *Englishman*.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. ‘ A most heathenish sight ! says Sir ROGER : There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect, but church-work is slow, church-work is slow !’

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir ROGER’s character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water ; but to the Knight’s great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old Put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years ? with a great deal of the like *Thames-ribaldry*. Sir ROGER seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, ‘ that if he were a *Middlesex* Justice, he would make such

‘such vagrants know that her Majesty’s subjects  
‘were no more to be abused by water than  
‘by land.’

We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which  
is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year.  
When I considered the fragrancy of the walks  
and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung  
upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that  
walked under their shades, I could not but look  
upon the place as a kind of *Mahometan Paradise*.

Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little  
coppice by his house in the country, which  
his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales.

‘You must understand, says the Knight, there  
‘is nothing in the world that pleases a man  
‘in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr.  
‘SPECTATOR! the many moon-light nights  
‘that I have walked by myself, and thought  
‘on the Widow by the music of the night-  
‘ingale!’ He here fetched a deep sigh, and  
was falling into a fit of musing, when a Mask,  
who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap  
upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would  
drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight  
being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and  
displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of  
the Widow, told her, ‘she was a wanton bag-  
‘gage,’ and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of  
*Burton-ale*, and a slice of hung-beef. When  
we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called  
a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the re-  
mainder to the Waterman that had but one

leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the odness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the Garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a Member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her Garden, if there were more Nightingales, and fewer Strumpets. I



Wednesday,



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 N<sup>o</sup> 384 Wednesday, May 21.
 

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‘ *Hague, May, 24. N. S.* The same republican hands,  
 ‘ who have so often since the Chevalier *de St.*  
 ‘ *George’s* recovery killed him in our public prints,  
 ‘ have now reduced the young Dauphin of *France*  
 ‘ to that desperate condition of weakness, and  
 ‘ death itself, that it is hard to conjecture what  
 ‘ method they will take to bring him to life again.  
 ‘ Mean time we are assured by a very good hand  
 ‘ from *Paris*, that on the 20th instant, this young  
 ‘ Prince was as well as ever he was known to be since  
 ‘ the day of his birth. As for the other, they are  
 ‘ now sending his ghost, we suppose, (for they never  
 ‘ had the modesty to contradict their assertions of  
 ‘ his death) to *Commerci* in *Lorrain*, attended only  
 ‘ by four Gentlemen, and a few domestics of little  
 ‘ consideration. The Baron *de Botbmar* having  
 ‘ delivered in his credentials to qualify him as an  
 ‘ Ambassador to this State, (an office to which his  
 ‘ greatest enemies will acknowledge him to be  
 ‘ equal) is gone to *Utrecht*, whence he will proceed  
 ‘ to *Hanover*, but not stay long at that Court, for  
 ‘ fear the peace should be made during his lamented  
 ‘ absence.

*Post-Boy, May 20.*

I Should be thought not able to read, should I  
 overlook some excellent pieces lately come out.  
 My Lord Bishop of *St. Asaph* has just now pub-  
 lished some Sermons, the Preface to which seems  
 to me to determine a great point. He has, like

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a good man and a good christian, in opposition to all the flattery and base submission of false friends to Princes, asserted, that Christianity left us where it found us as to our civil rights. The present entertainment shall consist only of a sentence out of the *Post-Boy*, and the said Preface of the Lord of St. *Asaph*. I should think it a little odd if the Author of the *Post-Boy* should with impunity call men Republicans for a gladness on report of the death of the Pretender; and treat Baron *Bothmar*, the Minister of *Hanover*, in such a manner as you see in my Motto. I must own, I think every man in *England* concerned to support the succession of that family.

‘ THE publishing a few Sermons, whilst I  
 ‘ live, the latest of which was preached  
 ‘ about eight years since, and the first above  
 ‘ seventeen, will make it very natural for people  
 ‘ to inquire into the occasion of doing so; and  
 ‘ to such I do very willingly assign these follow-  
 ‘ ing reasons.

‘ First, From the observations I have been  
 ‘ able to make, for these many years last past,  
 ‘ upon our public affairs, and from the natural  
 ‘ tendency of several principles and practices,  
 ‘ that have of late been studiously revived, and  
 ‘ from what has followed thereupon, I could  
 ‘ not help both fearing and presaging, that these  
 ‘ nations would some time or other, if ever we  
 ‘ should have an enterprizing Prince upon the  
 ‘ throne,

‘ throne, of more ambition than virtue, justice  
‘ and true honour, fall into the way of all other  
‘ nations, and lose their Liberty.

‘ Nor could I help foreseeing to whose charge  
‘ a great deal of this dreadful mischief, when-  
‘ ever it should happen, would be laid, whether  
‘ justly or unjustly, was not my business to de-  
‘ termine; but I resolved for my own particular  
‘ part, to deliver myself, as well as I could,  
‘ from the reproaches and the curses of posterity,  
‘ by publicly declaring to all the world, that  
‘ although in the constant course of my ministry,  
‘ I have never failed on proper occasions to re-  
‘ commend, urge, and insist upon the loving,  
‘ honouring, and reverencing the Prince’s person,  
‘ and holding it, according to the laws, inviolable  
‘ and sacred; and paying all obedience and  
‘ submission to the laws, though never so hard  
‘ and inconvenient to private people: Yet did  
‘ I never think myself at liberty, or authorised  
‘ to tell the people, that either *Christ*, Saint  
‘ *Peter*, or Saint *Paul*, or any other holy Writer,  
‘ had, by any doctrine delivered by them, sub-  
‘ verted the Laws and Constitutions of the  
‘ country in which they lived, or put them in  
‘ a worse condition, with respect to their civil  
‘ liberties, than they would have been had they  
‘ not been Christians. I ever thought it a most  
‘ impious blasphemy against that holy religion,  
‘ to father any thing upon it that might encourage  
‘ tyranny, oppression, or injustice in a Prince,  
‘ or that easily tended to make a free and happy  
‘ people Slaves and Miserable. No: People

' may make themselves as wretched as they will,  
 ' but let not God be called into that wicked  
 ' party. When force and violence, and hard  
 ' necessity have brought the yoke of servitude  
 ' upon a people's neck, religion will supply them  
 ' with a patient and submissive spirit under it  
 ' until they can innocently shake it off; but  
 ' certainly religion never puts it on. This always  
 ' was, and this at present is, my judgment of  
 ' these matters: And I would be transmitted  
 ' to posterity (for the little share of time such  
 ' names as mine can live) under the character  
 ' of one who loved his country, and would be  
 ' thought a good *Englishman*, as well as a good  
 ' Clergyman.

' This character I thought would be trans-  
 ' mitted by the following Sermons, which were  
 ' made for, and preached in a private audience,  
 ' when I could think of nothing else but doing  
 ' my duty on the occasions that were then of-  
 ' fered by God's Providence, without any manner  
 ' of design of making them public: And for  
 ' that reason I give them now as they were then  
 ' delivered; by which I hope to satisfy those  
 ' people who have objected a change of prin-  
 ' ciples to me, as if I were not now the same  
 ' man I formerly was. I never had but one  
 ' opinion of these matters; and that I think is  
 ' so reasonable and well-grounded, that I believe  
 ' I can never have any other.

' Another reason of my publishing these Ser-  
 ' mons at this time is, that I have a mind to  
 ' do myself some honour by doing what honour

' I



I could to the memory of two most excellent Princes, and who have very highly deserved at the hands of all the people of these dominions, who have any true value for the Protestant Religion, and the Constitution of the *English* Government, of which they were the great Deliverers and Defenders. I have lived to see their illustrious names very rudely handled, and the great benefits they did this nation treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to see our deliverance from Arbitrary Power and Popery, traduced and vilified by some who formerly thought it was their greatest merit, and made it part of their boast and glory, to have had a little hand and share in bringing it about; and others, who, without it, must have lived in exile, poverty, and misery, meanly disclaiming it and using ill the glorious Instruments thereof. Who could expect such a requital of such merit? I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the number of unthankful people: And as I loved and honoured those great Princes living, and lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a monument of praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be; and I choose to do it at this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

The Sermon that was preached upon the Duke of *Gloucester's* death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the others. The loss of that most promising and hopeful Prince was,  
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‘ at that time, I saw, unspeakably great; and  
‘ many accidents since have convinced us, that  
‘ it could not have been over-valued. That  
‘ precious life, had it pleased God to have pro-  
‘ longed it the usual space, had saved us many  
‘ fears and jealousies, and dark distrusts, and  
‘ prevented many alarms that have long kept  
‘ us, and will keep us still, waking and uneasy.  
‘ Nothing remained to comfort and support us  
‘ under this heavy stroke, but the necessity it  
‘ brought the King and Nation under of settling  
‘ the succession in the house of HANOVER, and  
‘ giving it an Hereditary right, by Act of Par-  
‘ liament, as long as it continues Protestant.  
‘ So much good did God, in his merciful Pro-  
‘ vidence, produce from a misfortune, which  
‘ we could never otherwise have sufficiently  
‘ deplored.

‘ The fourth Sermon was preached upon the  
‘ Queen’s Accession to the Throne, and the  
‘ first year in which that day was solemnly  
‘ observed, (for, by some accident or other, it  
‘ had been overlooked the year before;) and  
‘ every one will see without the date of it,  
‘ that it was preached very early in this reign,  
‘ since I was able only to promise and presage  
‘ its future glories and successes, from the good  
‘ appearances of things, and the happy turn  
‘ our affairs began to take; and could not then  
‘ count up the victories and triumphs that, for  
‘ seven years after, made it, in the Prophet’s  
‘ language, “ a name and a praise among all  
‘ the people of the earth.” Never did seven  
‘ such

such years together pass over the head of any *English* Monarch, nor cover it with so much honour: The crown and scepter seemed to be the Queen's least ornaments; those other Princes wore in common with her, and her great personal virtues were the same before and since; but such was the fame of her administration of affairs at home, such was the reputation of her wisdom and felicity in choosing Ministers, and such was then esteemed their faithfulness and zeal, their diligence and great abilities in executing her commands; to such a height of military glory did her great General and her Armies carry the *British* name abroad; such was the harmony and concord betwixt her and her Allies, and such was the blessing of God upon all her counsels and undertakings, that I am as sure as history can make me, no Prince of ours ever was so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, and honoured by their subjects and their friends, nor near so formidable to their enemies. We were, as all the world imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a peace, as would have answered all the prayers of our religious Queen, the care and vigilance of a most able Ministry, the payments of a willing and obedient People, as well as all the glorious toils and hazards of the Soldier; when God, for our sins, permitted the Spirit of Discord to go forth, and, by troubling fore the camp,

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‘ the city, and the country, (and oh, that it  
‘ had altogether spared the places sacred to his  
‘ worship!) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful  
‘ and pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead,  
‘ I know not what——Our enemies will tell  
‘ the rest with pleasure. It will become me  
‘ better to pray to God to restore us to the  
‘ power of obtaining such a peace, as will be  
‘ to his glory, the safety, honour, and the  
‘ welfare of the Queen and her dominions,  
‘ and the general satisfaction of all her high  
‘ and mighty Allies.

*May 2, 1712.*



Thursday,



N<sup>o</sup> 385 Thursday, May 22.*Thesè pectora juncta fide.*

Ovid. Trist. l. i. El. 3. v. 66.

Breasts that with sympathizing ardor glow'd,  
And holy Friendship, such as *Thesèus* vow'd.

I Intend the Paper for this day as a loose Essay upon Friendship, in which I shall throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

' Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another.' Though the pleasures and advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As,

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem: so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of Friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in Friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the Authors have thought it as necessary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these instances we may observe for the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that *Greece* was almost ruined by the Hero's Love, but was preserved by his Friendship.

The character of *Achates* suggests to us an observation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently choose their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head, and prefer fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying temper to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, through the whole *Æneid*.

A Friendship, which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

*Atticus*, one of the best men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side: and while he sent money to young *Marius*, whose father was declared an enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himself one of *Sylla's* chief favourites, and always near that General.

During the war between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of *Cæsar*, he sent money to *Brutus* in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to *Antony's* wife and friends when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between *Anthony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his place in both their Friendships; insomuch that the first, says *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was absent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing; what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence

nevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest Friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good qualities and endowments, which are in the possession of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his other self.

The most difficult province in Friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent desire of pleasing in the person reprov'd, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanized by Friendship, cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper business of Friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a Soul, thus supported,



ported, outdoes itself; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation: since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure which was once in his possession. X



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N<sup>o</sup> 386      Friday, May 23.

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*Cum tristibus severè, cum remissis jucundè, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter vivere.*

Tull.

THE piece of *Latin* on the head of this Paper is part of a Character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. *Cicero* spoke it of *Catiline*, who, he said, ‘lived  
‘with the sad severely, with the chearful agree-  
‘ably, with the old gravely, with the young  
‘pleasantly;’ he added, ‘with the wicked  
‘boldly, with the wanton lasciviously.’ The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man’s own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to  
interrupt

interrupt that of others: For this reason it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain, that all men, who are the least given to reflexion, are seized with an inclination that way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company: but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good-humour. In all this the case of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant, is that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This is it which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance *Acasto*. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sect of men; but *Acasto* has natural good sense, good-nature and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though *Acasto* contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome.

come a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of *Acasto*, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man until he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company, (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates mens minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own.

It



It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think, of *Antony*, says, that *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nullâ arte tradi possunt*: 'He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of Behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life, is to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of Nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he, who follows Nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a Messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances: It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stocks go; and though you are ever so intently employed on a graver subject, a young  
C c 3 fellow

fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you Mrs. such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill Poets, but never made good ones. T

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N<sup>o</sup> 387 Saturday, May 24.

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*Quid purè tranquillet*—————

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 102.

What calms the breast, and makes the mind serene.

**I**N my last *Saturday's* Paper I spoke of Cheerfulness as it is a Moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the Soul of man: I shall now consider Cheerfulness in its Natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of Health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not

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to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our *English* phrase) 'wear well,' that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and Chearfulness of heart. The truth of it is, Health and Chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulness, but very often see Chearfulness where there is no great degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular in-

fluence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern Philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for

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which



which reason the Poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of Chearful.

To consider further this double end in the works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of Nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very  
joyless

joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of Nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of Nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself

self to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus : ' In the gloomy month of *November*, when the people of *England* hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the fields, &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a Serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us ; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from over-casting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. *Locke*, in his *Essay on Human Understanding*, to a moral reason, in the following words :

Beyond

‘ Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down  
‘ several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all  
‘ the things that environ and affect us, and  
‘ blended them together, in almost all that our  
‘ thoughts and senses have to do with ; that  
‘ we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and  
‘ want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us,  
‘ might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of  
‘ Him, “ with whom there is fulness of joy,  
“ and at whose right hand are pleasures for  
“ evermore.”

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Monday,



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N<sup>o</sup> 388 Monday, May 26.

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——— *Tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis  
Ingredior: sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 174.

For thee, I dare unlock the sacred spring,  
And arts disclos'd by ancient Sages sing.

MR. SPECTATOR,

IT is my custom, when I read your Papers, to read over the quotations in the Authors from whence you take them: As you mentioned a passage lately out of the second chapter of *Solomon's Song*, it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this paraphrase of it, which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some marks of your approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any appearance of success.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

The

The second chapter of *Solomon's Song*.

## I.

**A**S when in *Sbaron's* field the blushing rose  
 Does its chaste bosom to the morn disclose,  
 Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear  
 The fragrant odours through the air :  
 Or as the lily in the shady vale,  
 Does o'er each flow'r with beauteous pride prevail,  
 And stands with dews and kindest sun-shine blest,  
 In fair preeminence, superior to the rest :  
 So if my love, with happy influence, shed  
 His eyes bright sun-shine on his Lover's head,  
 'Then shall the rose of *Sbaron's* field,  
 And whitest lilies to my beauties yield.  
 Then fairest flow'rs with studious art combine,  
 The roses with the lilies join,  
 And their united charms are less than mine.

## II.

As much as fairest lilies can surpass  
 A thorn in beauty, or in height the grass :  
 So does my Love, among the virgins, shine,  
 Adorn'd with graces more than half divine ;  
 Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,  
 Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,  
*Hesperian* fruit ; and, beautifully high,  
 Extends its branches to the sky ;  
 So does my Love the virgins eyes invite :  
 'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring sight,  
 Among ten thousand eminently bright.

## III.

## III.

Beneath his pleasing shade  
 My wearied limbs at ease I laid,  
 And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my head.  
 I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haste;  
 Sweet was the fruit, and pleasing to the taste:  
 With sparkling wine he crown'd the bowl.  
 With gentle ecstasies he fill'd my soul;  
 Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,  
 And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

## IV.

I faint! I die! my labouring breast  
 Is with the mighty weight of love oppress'd;  
 I feel the fire possess my heart,  
 And pain convey'd to ev'ry part.  
 Through all my veins the passion flies,  
 My feeble Soul forsakes its place,  
 A trembling faintness seals my eyes,  
 And paleness dwells upon my face:  
 Oh! let my Love with powerful odours stay  
 My fainting love-sick Soul, that dies away;  
 One hand beneath me let him place,  
 With t'other press me in a chaste embrace.

## V.

I charge you, Nymphs of *Sion*, as you go  
 Arm'd with the sounding quiver and the bow,  
 Whilst through the lonesom woods you rove,  
 You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love,  
 Be only gentle Zephyrs there,  
 With downy wings to fan the air;  
 Let sacred silence dwell around,  
 To keep off each intruding sound:  
 And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,  
 May he to joys, unknown till then, arise.

## VI.

## VI.

But see! he comes! with what majestic gait  
He onward bears his lovely state!

Now through the lattice he appears,  
With softest words dispels my fears,  
Arise, my fair-one, and receive  
All the pleasures love can give.  
For now the sullen winter's past,  
No more we fear the northern blast:  
No storms nor threat'ning clouds appear,  
No falling rains deform the year.  
My love admits of no delay,  
Arise, my fair, and come away.

## VII.

Already, see! the teeming earth  
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth,  
The dews, and soft descending show'rs,  
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.  
Hark! the birds melodious sing,  
And sweetly usher in the spring.  
Close by his fellow sits the dove,  
And billing whispers her his love.  
The spreading vines with blossoms swell,  
Diffusing round a grateful smell.  
Arise, my fair-one, and receive  
All the blessings love can give:  
For love admits of no delay,  
Arise, my fair, and come away.

## VIII.

As to its mate the constant dove  
Flies through the covert of the spicy grove,  
So let us hasten to some lonely shade,  
There let me safe in thy lov'd arms be laid,

Where



Where no intruding hateful noise  
 Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice ;  
 Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace :  
 For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

## IX.

As all of me, my love, is thine,  
 Let all of thee be ever mine.  
 Among the lilies we will play,  
 Fairer, my Love, thou art than they ;  
 Till the purple morn arise,  
 And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes ;  
 Till the gladfom beams of day  
 Remove the shades of night away ;  
 Then when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,  
 Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,  
 Glad to behold the light again  
 From *Bether's* mountains darting o'er the plain. T



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N<sup>o</sup> 389 Tuesday, May 27.

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——— *Meliora pii docuere parentes.*

Hor.

Their pious fires a better lesson taught.

NOTHING has more surpris'd the learned in *England*, than the price which a small book, intitled *Spaccio della Bastia trionfante*, bore in a late auction. This book was sold for thirty pound. As it was written by one *Jordanus Brunus*, a professed Atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that happening to get a sight of one of them myself, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension; but found there was so very little danger in it, that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

The Author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a time resolv'd on a reformation of the constellations: for which purpose having summoned the stars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the Gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen Deities, and by that means made  
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the Heavens as it were a book of the Pagan Theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous stories of the Deities; upon which the Author takes occasion to cast reflexions upon all other religions, concluding, that *Jupiter*, after a full hearing, discarded the Deities out of Heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself wholly by its impiety, to those weak men, who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The *Plato's* and *Cicero's* among the ancients; the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes*, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the Divines, however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is, not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons; either that the idea of a God is innate and coexistent with the mind itself; or that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of Atheists, I mean that polite people the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused Gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates* or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

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Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape, which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short; even *Vanini*, the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his Judges that he believed the existence of a God, and taking up a straw which lay before him on the ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several arguments to prove that it was impossible Nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a Gentleman of *Poland*, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this method of punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good sense of the *British* nation, that whether we rammed an Atheist whole into a great gun, or pulverized our infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many charges.

I should, however, propose, while our ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good-Hope*, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the *Hottentots*.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death is too great an honour for an Atheist, though I must allow the method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of so active a nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our Atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the vicissitude of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demi-culverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these Gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such unbelievers upon a point  
that

that shocks the common sense of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tenderness, and should endeavour to shew them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery. X

N<sup>o</sup> 390 Wednesday, May 28.

*Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus.* Tull.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence, is, not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.

MANY are the Epistles I receive from Ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the observation of scandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the  
D d 4 unjustest

unjustest interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They describe their own behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some cause of suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no authority for persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away hours of conversation upon the miscarriages of other people; but since they will do so, they who value their reputation should be cautious of appearances to their disadvantage. But very often our young women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay part of those growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpose, to a woman agree upon a short way to preserve their characters, and go on in a way that at best is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modesty; as if guilt lay in being under the imputation of a fault, and not in a commission of it. *Orbicilla* is the kindest poor thing in the town, but the most blushing creature living: It is true, she has not lost the sense of Shame, but she has lost the sense of innocence. If she had more confidence, and never did any thing which ought to stain her cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous suffusion, which is the livery both of guilt and innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no ill, and not in being  
being



being ashamed of having done it. When people go upon any other foundation than the truth of their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of scandalous tongues to carry the world before them, and make the rest of mankind fall in with the ill, for fear of reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make calumny either silent or ineffectually malicious. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, says admirably to young Ladies under the distress of being defamed;

The best, said he, that I can you advise,  
Is to avoid th' occasion of the ill;  
For when the cause, whence evil doth arise,  
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.  
Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your will,  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight:  
Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill;  
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight:  
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.

Instead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a Poet in old *Queen Bess's* days, the modern way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the 'prettiest sort of woman in the world.' If fathers and brothers will defend a Lady's honour, she is quite as safe as in her own innocence. Many of the distressed, who suffer under the malice of evil tongues, are so harmless that they are every day they live asleep until twelve at noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own persons until two; take their necessary food between  
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that time and four; visit, go to the Play; and sit up at cards until towards the ensuing morn: and the malicious world shall draw conclusions from innocent glances, short whispers, or pretty familiar ralleries with fashionable men, that these fair ones are not as rigid as Vestals. It is certain, say these goodest creatures very well, that virtue does not consist in constrained behaviour and wry faces, that must be allowed; but there is a decency in the aspect and manner of Ladies contracted from a habit of virtue, and from general reflexions that regard a modest conduct, all which may be understood, though they cannot be described. A young woman of this sort claims an esteem mixed with affection and honour, and meets with no defamation; or if she does, the wild malice is overcome with an undisturbed perseverance in her innocence. To speak freely, there are such coveys of Coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by some impertinent tongues of their own Sex, which keep them under some restraint, we should have no manner of engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a SPECTATOR, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of Tale-bearers or Slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them, no more than a General would discourage Spies. The enemy would easily surprise him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a She-slanderer

or two in every quarter of the town, to live in the characters of Coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the rest, in order to send me information of the behaviour of their respective sisterhoods.

But as the matter of respect to the world, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not cost one hour's reflexion in a month to preserve that appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other: She is the laziest creature in the world, but I must confess strictly virtuous; the peevishest huffy breathing, but as to her virtue, she is without blemish: She has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly virtuous. As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; so the crowd of the other Sex terms every woman who will not be a wench virtuous.

T



Thursday,

N<sup>o</sup> 391 Thursday, May 29.

— — — Non tu prece poscis emaci,  
*Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere Divis :*  
*At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.*  
*Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros*  
*Tollere de templis; & aperto vivere voto.*  
*Mens bona, fama, fides; hæc clarè, & ut audiat hospes.*  
*Illæ sibi introrsum, & sub lingua immurmurat: O si*  
*Ebullit patru præclarum funus! Et O si*  
*Sub raistro crepet argenti mibi seria dextro*  
*Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres*  
*Impello, expungam! —————*

Perf. Sat. 2. v. 3.

— Thy pray'rs the test of Heav'n will bear;  
 Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear:  
 While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,  
 Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;  
 And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,  
 Heav'n's help to prosper their black vows, invoke.  
 So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal  
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal,  
 Give me good fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just;  
 Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust.  
 In private then—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,  
 My wealthy uncle from this world remove?  
 Or—O thou Thund'rer's son, great Hercules,  
 That once thy bounteous Deity would please  
 To guide my rake upon the chinking sound  
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!  
 O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!  
 I shou'd possess th' estate if he were dead. DRYDEN.

WHERE *Homer* represents *Phænix*, the  
 tutor of *Achilles*, as persuading his pupil  
 to lay aside his resentments, and give himself  
 up



up to the intreaties of his countrymen, the Poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those Fables and Allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. 'The Gods, says he, suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by intreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, *Achilles*, that PRAYERS are the daughters of *Jupiter*. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards Heaven. They are constant attendants on the Goddess *ATE*, and march behind her. This Goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of PRAYERS, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of *Jupiter*, when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they intreat their Father to give his orders to the Goddess *ATE*, to punish him for his hardness of heart.' This noble Allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the Goddess *ATE* signifies injury, as some have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen Fable relating to Prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it, that it was composed by *Lucian*, or at least by some Author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the Fable, without any further inquiries after the Author.

‘ *Menippus* the Philosopher was a second  
 ‘ time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when  
 ‘ for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door  
 ‘ that was placed by his foot-stool. At its rising,  
 ‘ there issued through it such a din of cries as  
 ‘ astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking  
 ‘ what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were  
 ‘ the Prayers that were sent up to him from  
 ‘ the earth. *Menippus*, amidst the confusion of  
 ‘ voices, which was so great, that nothing less  
 ‘ than the ear of *Jove* could distinguish them,  
 ‘ heard the words, Riches, Honour, and Long  
 ‘ Life repeated to several different tones and  
 ‘ languages. When the first hubbub of sounds  
 ‘ was over, the trap-door being left open, the  
 ‘ voices came up more separate and distinct.  
 ‘ The first Prayer was a very odd one, it came  
 ‘ from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase  
 ‘ the wisdom and the beard of his humble  
 ‘ suppliant. *Menippus* knew it by the voice to  
 ‘ be the Prayer of his friend *Licander* the Phi-  
 ‘ losopher. This was succeeded by the petition  
 ‘ of one who had just laden a ship, and promised  
 ‘ *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and returned  
 ‘ it

‘ it home again full of riches, he would make  
‘ him an offering of a silver cup. *Jupiter*  
‘ thanked him for nothing; and bending down  
‘ his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard  
‘ a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of  
‘ an *Ephesian* widow, and begging him to breed  
‘ compassion in her heart. This, says *Jupiter*,  
‘ is a very honest fellow. I have received a  
‘ great deal of incense from him; I will not  
‘ be so cruel to him as not to hear his Prayers.  
‘ He was then interrupted with a whole volley  
‘ of vows, which were made for the health  
‘ of a tyrannical Prince by his subjects who  
‘ prayed for him in his presence. *Menippus* was  
‘ surprised, after having listened to Prayers of-  
‘ fered up with so much ardour and devotion,  
‘ to hear low whispers from the same assembly  
‘ expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a  
‘ Tyrant to live, and asking him how his thun-  
‘ der could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended  
‘ at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down  
‘ the first vows, and puffed away the last. The  
‘ Philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting  
‘ upwards, and making its way directly to the  
‘ trap-door, inquired of *Jupiter* what it meant.  
‘ This, says *Jupiter*, is the smoke of a whole  
‘ Hecatomb that is offered me by the General  
‘ of an army, who is very importunate with  
‘ me to let him cut off an hundred thousand  
‘ men that are drawn up in array against him:  
‘ What does the impudent wretch think I see  
‘ in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice  
‘ of so many mortals as good as himself, and all  
‘ this

‘ this to his glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a voice I never heard but in  
‘ time of danger: It is a rogue that is ship-  
‘ wrecked in the *Ionian* sea: I saved him on  
‘ a plank but three days ago, upon his promise  
‘ to mend his manners, the scoundrel is not  
‘ worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to  
‘ offer me a Temple if I will keep him from  
‘ sinking—But yonder, says he, is a special youth  
‘ for you, he desires me to take his father,  
‘ who keeps a great estate from him, out of  
‘ the miseries of human life. The old fellow  
‘ shall live until he makes his heart ake, I can  
‘ tell him that for his pains. This was followed  
‘ by the soft voice of a pious Lady, desiring  
‘ *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and  
‘ charming in the sight of her Emperor. As  
‘ the Philosopher was reflecting on this extra-  
‘ ordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind  
‘ through the trap-door, which he at first mis-  
‘ took for a gale of Zephyrs, but afterwards  
‘ found it to be a breeze of sighs: They smelt  
‘ strong of flowers and incense, and were suc-  
‘ ceeded by most passionate complaints of wounds  
‘ and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair  
‘ and death. *Menippus* fancied that such la-  
‘ mentable cries arose from some general ex-  
‘ ecution, or from wretches lying under the  
‘ torture; but *Jupiter* told him that they came  
‘ up to him from the isle of *Paphos*, and that  
‘ he every day received complaints of the same  
‘ nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals  
‘ who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with,  
‘ says



‘ says he, by this generation of both Sexes, and  
‘ find it so impossible to please them, whether  
‘ I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall  
‘ order a western wind for the future to inter-  
‘ cept them in their passage, and blow them at  
‘ random upon the earth. The last petition I  
‘ heard was from a very aged man of near an  
‘ hundred years old, begging but for one year  
‘ more of life, and then promising to die con-  
‘ tented. This is the rarest old fellow! says  
‘ *Jupiter*. He has made this Prayer to me for  
‘ above twenty years together. When he was  
‘ but fifty years old, he desired only that he  
‘ might live to see his son settled in the world,  
‘ I granted it. He then begged the same favour  
‘ for his daughter, and afterwards that he might  
‘ see the education of a grandson: When all  
‘ this was brought about he puts up a petition  
‘ that he might live to finish a house he was  
‘ building. In short, he is an unreasonable old  
‘ cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear  
‘ no more of him. Upon which he flung down  
‘ the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved  
‘ to give no more audiences that day.’

Notwithstanding the levity of this Fable the  
moral of it very well deserves our attention,  
and is the same with that which has been in-  
culcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention  
*Juvenal* and *Perfius*, who have each of them  
made the finest Satire in their whole works  
upon this subject. The vanity of mens wishes,  
which are the natural Prayers of the mind, as  
well as many of those secret devotions which

they offer to the supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of mens desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion. I

N<sup>o</sup> 392      Friday, May 30.

*Per ambages & ministeria Deorum  
Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus.*

Petron.

By Fable's aid ungovern'd fancy soars,  
And claims the ministry of heav'nly Pow'rs.

To the S P E C T A T O R.

The transformation of *Fidelio* into a Looking-glass.

‘ I WAS lately at a tea-table, where some  
 ‘ young Ladies entertained the company  
 ‘ with a relation of a Coquette in the neigh-  
 ‘ bourhood, who had been discovered practising  
 ‘ before her glass. To turn the discourse, which  
 ‘ from being witty grew to be malicious, the  
 ‘ matron of the family took occasion, from the  
 ‘ subject, to wish that there were to be found  
 ‘ amongst men such faithful monitors to dress  
 ‘ the mind by, as we consult to adorn the body.  
 ‘ She

' She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a Looking-glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.

' Methought, that as I stood before my Glass, the image of a youth, of an open ingenuous aspect, appeared in it; who with a small shrill voice spoke in the following manner.

' The Looking-glass, you see, was heretofore a man, even I the unfortunate *Fidelio*. I had two brothers, whose deformity in shape was made up by the clearness of their understanding: It must be owned however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a perverseness of humour suitable to their distortion of body. The eldest, whose belly sunk in monstrously, was a great coward; and though his splenetic contracted temper made him take fire immediately, he made objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose breast swelled into a bold Relievo, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening every thing, and was perfectly the reverse of his brother. These oddnesses pleased company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen; for which reason the young Gentlemen were sent from Court to study Mathematics at the University.

' I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright polite Gentleman. I was the confident and darling of

‘ all the fair; and if the old and ugly spoke  
 ‘ ill of me, all the world knew it was because  
 ‘ I scorned to flatter them. No ball, no as-  
 ‘ sembly was attended until I had been con-  
 ‘ sulted. *Flavia* coloured her hair before me,  
 ‘ *Celia* shewed me her teeth, *Panthea* heaved  
 ‘ her bosom, *Cleora* brandished her diamonds;  
 ‘ I have seen *Cloe’s* foot, and tied artificially  
 ‘ the garters of *Rhodope*.

‘ It is a general maxim, that those who dote  
 ‘ upon themselves, can have no violent affection  
 ‘ for another: But on the contrary, I found  
 ‘ that the womens passion for me rose in propor-  
 ‘ tion to the love they bore to themselves. This  
 ‘ was verified in my amour with *Narcissa*,  
 ‘ who was so constant to me, that it was plea-  
 ‘ santly said, had I been little enough, she would  
 ‘ have hung me at her girdle. The most dan-  
 ‘ gerous rival I had, was a gay empty fellow,  
 ‘ who by the strength of a long intercourse with  
 ‘ *Narcissa*, joined to his natural endowments,  
 ‘ had formed himself into a perfect resemblance  
 ‘ with her. I had been discarded, had she not  
 ‘ observed that he frequently asked my opinion  
 ‘ about matters of the last consequence: This  
 ‘ made me still more considerable in her eye.

‘ Though I was eternally carested by the La-  
 ‘ dies, such was their opinion of my honour,  
 ‘ that I was never envied by the men. A  
 ‘ jealous Lover of *Narcissa* one day thought  
 ‘ he had caught her in an amorous conversation:  
 ‘ for though he was at such a distance that  
 ‘ he could hear nothing, he imagined strange  
 ‘ things



' things from her airs and gestures. Sometimes  
 ' with a serene look she stepped back in a  
 ' listening posture, and brightened into an in-  
 ' nocent smile. Quickly after she swelled into  
 ' an air of majesty and disdain, then kept her  
 ' eyes half shut after a languishing manner,  
 ' then covered her blushes with her hand,  
 ' breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink  
 ' down. In rushed the furious Lover; but how  
 ' great was his surprise to see no one there but  
 ' the innocent *Fidelio* with his back against the  
 ' wall betwixt two windows?

' It were endless to recount all my adven-  
 ' tures. Let me hasten to that which cost me  
 ' my life, and *Narcissa* her happiness.

' She had the misfortune to have the small-  
 ' pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her  
 ' sight, it being apprehended that it would  
 ' increase her distemper, and that I should  
 ' infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as  
 ' she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole  
 ' out of her chamber, and found me all alone  
 ' in an adjoining apartment. She ran with  
 ' transport to her darling, and without mixture  
 ' of fear, lest I should dislike her. But oh me!  
 ' what was her fury when she heard me say, I  
 ' was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spec-  
 ' tacle. She stepped back, swollen with rage,  
 ' to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I  
 ' did, with this addition, that her ill-timed passion  
 ' had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed,  
 ' distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with  
 ' all her force stabbed me to the heart. Dying,

‘ I preserved my sincerity, and expressed the  
 ‘ truth, though in broken words; and by re-  
 ‘ proachful grimaces to the last I mimicked the  
 ‘ deformity of my murderers.

‘ *Cupid* who always attends the fair, and  
 ‘ pitied the fate of so useful a servant as I was,  
 ‘ obtained of the Destinies, that my body should  
 ‘ be made incorruptible, and retain the qualities  
 ‘ my mind had possessed. I immediately lost  
 ‘ the figure of a man, and became smooth,  
 ‘ polished, and bright, and to this day am the  
 ‘ first favourite of the Ladies. T

N<sup>o</sup> 393 Saturday, May 31.

*Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.*

Virg. Georg. I. v. 412.

Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.

**L**OOKING over the Letters that have been  
 sent me, I chanced to find the following  
 one, which I received about two years ago from  
 an ingenious friend who was then in *Denmark*.

Dear Sir,

*Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.*

‘ **T**HE Spring with you has already taken  
 ‘ possession of the fields and woods: Now  
 ‘ is the season of solitude, and of moving com-  
 ‘ plaints upon trivial sufferings: Now the griefs  
 ‘ of Lovers begin to flow, and their wounds  
 ‘ to

' to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from  
 ' the softer climates, am not without my dis-  
 ' contents at present. You perhaps may laugh  
 ' at me for a most romantic wretch, when I  
 ' have disclosed to you the occasion of my  
 ' uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my  
 ' unhappiness real, in being confined to a region,  
 ' which is the very reverse of Paradise. The  
 ' seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and  
 ' the country quite destitute of rural charms.  
 ' I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook  
 ' murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have  
 ' I been blest with the sight of a flowery  
 ' meadow these two years. Every wind here  
 ' is a tempest, and every water a turbulent  
 ' ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you  
 ' will not think the grounds of my complaint  
 ' in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man  
 ' of serious thought; since the love of woods,  
 ' of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains,  
 ' seems to be a passion implanted in our natures  
 ' the most early of any, even before the fair Sex  
 ' had a Being.

I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport myself with a wish from  
 one country to another. I should choose to pass  
 my Winter in *Spain*, my Spring in *Italy*, my  
 Summer in *England*, and my Autumn in *France*.  
 Of all these seasons there is none can vie with  
 the Spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears  
 the same figure among the seasons of the year,  
 that the morning does among the divisions of

the day, or youth among the stages of life. The *English* Summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in *Europe*, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of Spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual chearfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the Spring, when all Nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the Poets who have observed so well as *Milton* those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of Nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of Vernal Delight, in that passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it.

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd  
That landscape: And of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive  
All sadness but despair, &c,

Many



Many Authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous; those Speculations which shew the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a Cheerfulness of mind in my two last *Saturday's* Papers; and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that Universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflexions on the particular season in which this Paper is written. The Creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, every thing he sees cheers and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many smiles on Nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his divine Poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that Vernal Delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the Creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the  
imagi-

imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the Soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight: I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this Vernal Delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a Christian Virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the Creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such

a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The chearfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflexion on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness. I



Monday,

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N<sup>o</sup> 394 Monday, June 2.

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*Bene colligitur hæc pueris & mulierculis & servis & servorum simillimis liberis esse grata : Gravi verò homini & ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo modo.*

Tull.

It is rightly inferred, that these things are pleasing to children, women, and slaves, and even to such free men as greatly resemble slaves; but can by no means be approved by a man of figure and character, and who forms a right judgment of things.

**I** HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give men accesses to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but also in matters of greater importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their diversions, will carry a Candidate. A capacity for prostituting a man's self in his behaviour, and descending to the present humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a considerable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could

not



not make his way to wealth and distinction by properer methods, than studying the particular bent or inclination of people with whom he converses, and working from the observation of such their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourse with them: For his ease and comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the expence of any great talent or virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest qualifications. Pride in some particular disguise or other, (often a secret to the proud man himself) is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no more than to discover what a man values himself for; then of all things admire that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a Secretary of State in *Spain*, who served a Prince who was happy in an elegant use of the *Latin* tongue, and often writ dispatches in it with his own hand. The King shewed his secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince, and under the colour of asking his advice, laid a trap for his applause. The honest man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some expressions, but mended the phrase in others. You may guess the dispatches that evening did not take much longer time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own house, sent for his eldest son, and communicated to him that the family must retire out of *Spain* as soon as possible;

possible; for, said he, the King knows I understand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious fault in a man of the world, should be a lesson to all who would make their fortunes: But a regard must be carefully had to the person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great man of common sense must look with secret indignation or bridled laughter, on all the slaves who stand round him with ready faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half sentences, and playing an humble admirer's countenance from one thing to another, with such perplexity, that he knows not what to sneer in approbation of. But this kind of complaisance is peculiarly the manner of Courts; in all other places you must constantly go farther in compliance with the persons you have to do with, than a mere conformity of looks and gestures. If you are in a country life, and would be a leading man, a good stomach, a loud voice, and rustic chearfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the manner of behaviour I would advise people to practise under some maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old fellow about forty years ago so peevish and fretful, though a man of business, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little Coffee-house, where he triumphed over every body at Trick-track  
and

and Backgammon. The way to pass his office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those games in his leisure hours; for his vanity was to shew, that he was a man of pleasure as well as business. Next to this sort of insinuation which is called in all places (from its taking its birth in the households of Princes) making one's court, the most prevailing way is, by what better-bred people call a present, the vulgar a bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that should be understood at the Bank, than in gross money: but as to stubborn people, who are so surly as to accept of neither note nor cash, having formerly dabbled in Chymistry, I can only say that one part of matter asks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper mean: Thus the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper, shall melt away very kindly in a liquid. The island of *Barbadoes* (a shrewd people) manage all their appeals to *Great Britain*, by a skilful distribution of citron-water among the whisperers about men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great points where ten thousand times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to wave the enumeration of the sundry ways of applying by presents, bribes, management of people's passions and affections, in such a manner as it shall appear that the virtue of the best man is by one method or other corruptible; let us look out for some expedient to turn

those passions and affections on the side of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a position, that parting with his integrity, in the minutest circumstance, is losing so much of his very self, self-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of dislike and approbation; and he that injures any man, has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality; and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reason, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt. T

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.





